

*J. E. Bailey*

# THE RIVALL FRIENDS.

*A Comædie,*

As it was Acted before the King and  
Queens Maiesties, when out of their prince-  
ly favour they were pleased to visite their  
Vniversitie of *Cambridge*, upon the 19.  
day of *March*. 1631.

Cryed downe by Boyes, Faction, Envie,  
and confident Ignorance, approv'd by the  
judicious, and now exposed to the pub-  
lique censure, by

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The Authour, P E T. H A V S T E D M<sup>r</sup>. in  
Artes of *Queenes Colledge*.

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*Non tanti est ut placeam insanire.*

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LONDON,

Printed by *Aug. Matthews* for *Humphrey Robinson*,  
at the signe of the three Pidgeons in *Pauls*  
Church-yard. 1632,

# Dramatis Personæ.

*Sacriledge Hooke*, a Simoniacall Patrone.

*Pandora*, his faire Daughter.

*Mistris Vrsely*, his supposed Daughter, deformed and foolish.

*Iacke Loneall*, a Court Page, Nephew to Mr. *Hooke*.

*Constantina*, Iacke *Loneall's* sister.

*Lucius*, } the two Friends, and Rivalls in *Pan-*

*Neander*, or *Cleopes* } *dora's* loue.

*Luscinio*, *Lucius* his Boy.

*Bully Linely*, an old merry fellow, that liues in the impropriate Parsonage.

*Terpander*, an old Gentleman.

*Anteros*, his sonne, an humerous mad fellow, that could not endure women.

*Laurentio*, an ancient Citizen.

*Endymion*, his sonne, and Page to *Lucius*.

*Isabella*, *Laurentio's* Daughter, in loue with *Lucius*.

*Stipes*, *Hooke's* Sheepheard.

*Placenta*, his Wife, a Midwife.

*Merda*, their Daughter.

*Needle Emptie*, an Innes of the Court man.

*William Wiscacres*, a quondam Attorneys Clarke.

Mr. *Mangrell*, an elder brother.

*Hammer shin*, a Batchelour of Arts.

*Zealous Knowlittie*, a Box-maker, ————

*Tempest All-mouth*, a decayed Cloth-worker

*Arthur Armestrog* } 2. yong schollers, robu-

*Stutchell Legg* — } stious footbal-players.

*Ganimed Fillpot*, a pretender to a Scholler,

who had once bin a Gentlemans Butler.

*Hugo Obligation*, a precise Scrivener. ————

Two Men, two Maydes of *Linelyes*.

A Bedlam.

Fidlers.

} Suiters to Mistris  
} *Vrsely* for the  
} Parsonage sake.





To the right *Honourable*, right *Reue-*  
*rend*, right *Worshipfull*, or whatsoever he  
be or shall bee whom I hereafter  
may call *Patron*.

**I**f thou do'st deale with the *crackt Chambermaid*,  
Or in *stale Kinswomen* of thine own do'st trade,  
With which *additions* thou do'st set to sale  
Thy *Gelded Parsonages*, or do'st prevaile  
With thy *despayring Chaplaine* to divide  
That which should be *entire*, for which beside  
Perhaps hee payes thee too, know that from thee  
(Beest thou *Squire*, *Knight*, or *Lord*, or a degree  
Aboue all these) nor I, nor yet my booke  
Does craue protection, or a gentle Lookes  
But if there be a man, (such men bee rare!)  
That 'midst *so many sacrilegious*, dare  
Be good and *honest*, though he be *alone*,  
With such a zeale, such a devotion,  
As th'old *Athenians* were wont to pay  
Vnto their *vnknowne God*, I here doe lay  
My *selfe and booke* before him, and confesse  
That such a *Vertue* can deserue no lesse.  
Reade it (*faire Sir*) and when thou shalt behold  
The *Vlcers* of the time by my too bold  
Hand brought to light, and *lanck'd*, and then shalt see  
*vice* to his face *branded* and told *that's bee*,  
Incircled safe in thine owne goodnesse sit,

Vntouch'd by any line, and laugh at it.  
'Twas made to please, and had the vicious Age  
Beene good enough, it had not left the Stage  
Without it's due Applause: But since the times  
Now bring forth men enamour'd on their crimes,  
And those the greater number, 'twere disease  
To thinke that any thing that bites should please.  
Had it beene borne a toothlesse thing, though meane,  
It might haue past, nay might haue prayesd beene:  
But being a Satyre — no. Such straines of Witt  
Are lik'd the worse, the better they are writ.  
Who euer knowe one deepe in loue, commend  
A Song though ne're so good, so aptly pend,  
Set to the choicest note Musick affords,  
Sung by as choyce a Voice, if that the words  
Contained nothing else but a disgrace  
Vnto his Mistress and her borrowed face?  
O happy Age! & wee are fallen now  
Vpon brauetimes, when my Lords wrinckled brow  
(Who perhaps labour'd in some crabbed Look  
How to get farther into the silke-mans booke,  
Not minding what was done, or said) must stand  
A Coppy, and his Anticke front command  
The censure of the rest, to smile or frowne,  
Inst as his squeezed face cryes vp or downe:  
When such as can iudge right, and know the Lawes  
Of Comady, dare not approve, because  
My Ladies Woman did forget to bring  
Her Sp — and therefore swor't a tedious thing.  
But (knowing Sir) I rancke not your selfe with these  
That iudge not as things are, but as they please.

Peter Flaussed.



## THE PRÆFACE TO THE READER.

**I**NGENUOUS and *understanding* Reader, for if thou beest not  
f, I neither regard thee, nor thy *censure*. In this age of  
*Outsides*, wherein to be *modest* is to be *ignorant*; and to be  
*impudent* is call'd *Learning*, wherein to please our *walking*  
*Things in suite*, a man must write *dust* and *cobweb*, amongst  
the rest, though with much *difficultie* and *opposition*, yet at  
the length I have obtained leave for this *poore neglected*  
*Piece* of mine to *salute the Light*, & in spite of all *black-*  
*mouth'd Calumny* (who ha's endeavor'd to *crush it into nothing*) presented it to  
the open view. I am not ignorant what *base aspersions*, & *unchristianlike slan-*  
*ders* (like a generall infection) have spread themselves throughout the *King-*  
*dome*, nor can I hope that the publishing of it can stop *all* those wide *mouthes*  
which are opened against it; yet I must not despaire of so much *justice* from  
the *Candide*, (for their *owne honestie* is interested in the *Action*) as (when they  
shall behold the innocence of it) to confesse, that I suffer most unjustly in  
these reports. How it was accepted of their *Majesties*, whom it was intended  
to please, we know; and had gracious signes; how the rest of the *Court* were  
affected, wee know too; Such as were faire and intelligent will yet give it  
sufficient Testimonie: As for those which came with starch'd faces and reso-  
lutions to dislike whatsoever they saw or heard, (all due reverence being gi-  
ven to the faire fields they weare upon their backs) they must perforce  
give mee leave to be of that *heresie*, and thinke that there is something else  
required to the composition of a Judgement, then a good Suite of taken-up  
Clothes, a Countenance set in a frame, and some three shakes of the emptic  
Noddle. The difficulties, and disadvantages wee went upon were many, and  
knowne, neither did we faile in the successe we hop'd for; for indeed wee  
expected no other thing then to be cried downe by many-mouth'd *Detractions*.  
Alas, wee are all but men, and may erre; and our offence was the same  
that was imputed to *Cicero*, by a great *Romane Ladie*, who told him that it  
was *Sauvinesse* in him amongst so many *Particians* of eminent blood, to  
dare to be *Virtuous* or *Eloquent*. I doe confesse we did not goe such quaint  
wayes as we might have done; we had none of those *Sea-arter*; they not  
know, or else scorn'd to plant our *Carvas* so *advantageously* to catch the way-



wordbreath of the Spectatours; but freely & ingenuously labour rather to merit then ravish an Applause from the Theatre. Wee neuer yet were so poorly ambitious (nor euer will) to court the Claps of young Ones, who are more delighted to see an Ape play his forced trickes, then to behold the truest and most naturall Action in the world. Let such as despaire of the approbation of Men, cry, *Let in the Boyes, wee shall haue no noyse else.* I envie not the applause comes from such hands or tongues. As for the Objections made by Envie and Ignorance, such as I haue heard, I will answer, and then dare all their Snakes to hisse out more. And first, the Lownesse of many of the persons did displease some; I conversed too much with Shepheards they say.

It is the misery of Poetry about other sciences, & in Poetry of the Dramme especially, that it lies open to be profan'd by every adulterate judgement. The Musician dares onely judge of Musicke, the Philosopher in naturall causes, the Mathematician of those Arts: But what fly-blowne piece of Man is there, whose best of vertues is to cry *God dam him*, whose top of knowledge the Alphabetical and Greeke beaulties but thinks himselfe a Doctor of the Chaire in what belongs to the Scene? Let them looke into *Plautus*, and they shall find the chiefest person in his *Persa* to be a *Servant*; and it is accounted one of the greatest excellencies in *Sydsey*, that he was able so much to humble his phant'ly, as truly and naturally to set forth the clownery of *Dametas*, the indigested and unlickt words and phrases of his wife and daughter. But these squirt-wits, (who are able onely to bring forth a paper of verses in a yeare, it may be of a haire that fell from their Mrs. Peruke, and think this sufficient to stile them *Laureat*) in the Description of a *shipwracke* (peradventure) would take great delight to see a faire *Cypresse tree* pictured. All that I will say to them is this, if their mouthes be out of tast, I am not bound to answer for it. But why this before their *Majesties*? say they. And I say, why not this before their *Majesties*, rather then higher things? (although they may perceiue that the straine is not continu'd.) The Court is not acquainted with such groueling humours; Therefore (my obstinate Heretike) the better. To haue shoven them nothing but what they see daily, had bin but course entertainment, and if that was my error, that the two *Changelings* spoke no strong lines, but plaid at *Chackstones*, when it may be some of our butterfly-judgements expected a set at *Maw* or *primivista* from them, let it lye upon my Conscience.

Next, whereas my discretion was call'd in question for making one to raile so bitterly upon Women before the Ladies, who we should haue labour'd to please rather. I answer, that the Ladies (as some report) should take offence at *Anteros* his part, will not yet enter me; for although I know many of that sex weak enough, yet me thinks it cannot be that such as they, who are taken out of the Ore, refin'd and wrought up unto such a degree of purity by the Court, that we may not be afraid to say, that they are more then halfe men (that is) come not far short of us in that which gives us our denomination, Reason; it cannot be (I say) that these should so much discredit the opinion which the world has of their apprehensions and judgements, as to be offended to see a Woman-hater personated: for then, how shall we hereafter dare to bring up on the Stage a *Bawd*, an *Vsurer*, an *Intemperate man*, a *Traytour*, or one that commits



commits *Idolary* to his *Mistress*, (which is as great a sinne as most of these) if onely to *personate* be to *approve*? No, when we act a *villie*, it is not because we *allow* of it, but rather labour to *extirpe* it by shewing the odioulnesse of it to the world. As for that which they object against bringing in of the foure Guls in the third Act, as impertinent to the Plot; I answer, that it was a most *naturall* passage, & although it conduc'd nothing to the *maine* hinge on which the chiefe *carriage* of the *Comedie* turn'd, (no more then *Lively's* drinking of Sack, the Donation of the Living, with the bestowing of the crooked changeling, *Anteros* turning sheepeheard, or *Syrrus* being tyed to the tree) yet if they please to turne to the latter end of the fift Act, they shall find that they were not all foysted in as meere strangers. Let them shew me (if they can) a rule in Poetry, that binds us so strictly not to meddle with any persons but what appertaine primarily to the plot. If they can (which I cannot beleue) I will shew them again that *Rule* broken by most of the prime Writers in this kind, both of Ages past and present, I meane not only in our owne *Mother tongue*, wherein the *Dramme* but lately is arriv'd at any *perfection*, but in *Latine*, *Italian*, and others. But this is the bolt of some shallow & narrow capacitie, who peradventure was puzzled with the multitude of names, and would haue been better contented with three Actors and a halfe, and some seven or eight papers of verses tyed together with *Coblers* ends. As for the false and abominable imputations laid upon it by my Tribe with the short haire and long eares, my *formall* *ouersides*, that looke demure, and snuffe; I doe not much regard them, because it is their Trade; nor are they onely at open defiance with *this*, but with *all kind of learning*. Yet I cannot see how any *Good man*, should be displeased, or thinke Religion any whit wronged, to see those sores and Biles of the Church brought to open view, (the onely way to cure them) to see those (cursed *Simoniackall* patrons) rowled from out their dennes, to see such *Mock-schollers*, nay *Mock-christians* expos'd to publique laughter. — A *Scrivener*, a *Box-maker*, a *Cloth-worker*, a *Fuller*, and such *mechanicall* *sordide* people, must with *unwash'd* hands now adayes dare to offer at Gods *Altar*, and yet these men must not be touch'd, but *Religion* (forsooth) suffers in it. — Reade, and blush at thy *credulitie*. — Reader, not to tire thee with a Preface, thou hast it *verbatim*, and *punctually* as it was acted. I confesse, I would willingly haue altered some things which upon more mature deliberation I haue found to be subject to mis-constructions, but that I knew the malice of some would upon that take advantage, to make the world beleue, that that which hath, or shall be spoken against it, is true. — Reade it with *Candour* and *Discretion*, and then call me

Your Friend,

PET. HAVSTED.

**Amicissimo suo PETRO HAVSTED invitatio ut  
Comœdiam suam Prelo committat.**

**Q**uid serinæ tenebris accrebit damnas opera,  
Gaſasque opulentioris ingenij invidet  
Luci t caloris enthei Genio satis  
Inest tuo quod mille vaturn peſtora  
Duet, animosque liberet inopia: jacet  
Sopita virtus? evigilet. Calumnia  
Lauro ruinam ſtruxit, ut ubique colubæ  
Convitijs epulentur. En t hoc effluit  
Martyrio Caſtallidam cruor, rivuli-  
Que ſanguinis litantur. Extri me hilaris  
ſpectas t nimium crudelis, eripe (dum licet)  
Flammis: oculos vel ſi beat ſpectaculum  
Ve opprimi Drama videas, preli ſerat  
Tormenta; cruciatus, doloresque perat  
Omnes elegans ars quos habet, poematis  
Manebit illeſum decus, nec criminis  
Fatebitur labem ullius: in lucem hilaris  
Erumpe, letuſque intueri diem: jora  
ſpectante, Camenæ Carolus plauſum tue  
Indulſit, troidi a manibus torpentibus  
Vulgi: in memoriam hoc revoca, & poſthac tibi  
Crimen erit venis tuis  
Vaquam relegare ſuperbiſm.  
Quod ſi prolixius fuit  
Error, benigna Cæſaris divinitas  
Igneſcat, avara tenaxque nimis Muſa metuit  
Haderi, epulas datura Regis auribus:  
Ampliusque dotem expendere varia ſtudit  
Luxurians ingenium: nil Tyria  
Vellera, purpuramque moror: ſubſellium  
Stipes corona papillorum, & citius  
Sirem ab iſtis laudem; inanis ſplendor hic,  
Et inſcitia ſuperbiens oſtro, dolor  
Ingens theatri eſt & moleſtia. Prodigus  
Autem nimis ſum fellis, eſt mihi porris  
Minuta tantum, nec volo monopolium  
Bili mee, orbi dividam, fixum animo  
Sedet generosè impendere; ſed ecce manum  
Deſtituit charta, & huc uſque ut ſolveret  
Obſequium penna officiôſa, jam mihi  
Elapſa fugit. Variis hoc furtum eſt pij.  
Agnoscite candorem: mori  
Hoſtes prohibet; ſtupiditas  
Nec hæc iners vocabitur  
Sed inſcyla patientia.

**Ed. Komf.**

## To the Authour.

**W**Ould'st thou haue ta'ne my counsell (dearest friend)  
Some humble *Dedication* thou hadst penn'd  
To foule *Detraction*, swearing thou doest owe  
Thy worke to *her*; because that *shee* doth show  
By strength of Argument thy Labours bee  
Most *white*, and from all base aspersions free.  
For *Envy's Vertues* parasite, and feeds  
Vpon *her* trencher, then this worke must needs  
Bee good, which doth at its sole charge maintaine  
Envie so well that *shee* doth burst againe,  
And split her strutting gorge, she goes before  
*Laughter* in *fatnesse*, and commends thee more.

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## To the same vpon the Arraignement of his *Comadie*.

**T**He Court once set, straightwayes a *Iurie* went  
Vpon thy *Comadie*, was fully bent  
To finde it *guiltie*, though the *King* did sit  
As *Iudge* himselfe that day, and cleared it.  
If so, then let the foule-mouth'd *World* condemne  
Thy *Innocent Piece*, shew that thou canst contemne  
And slight the false *Inditements* which they bring  
To cast it, since tis *quitted* by the *King*,  
And all the *Comicke Lawes*; which not transgress,  
Why should'st thou be *condemn'd*, lesse to be prest?  
That th' benefit o'th *Booke*, which went to *save*  
From suffering, thou *suffering thus* may'st haue.

I. R.

B

The

*The Introduction.*

Being a Dialogue berwixt *Venus*, *Thetis*, and *Phœbus*, sung by two Trebles, and a Base. *Venus* (being *Phosphorus* as well as *Vesper*) appearing at a window aboue as risen, calling to *Sol*, who lay in *Thetis* lap at the East side of the stage, canoped with an azure curtaine : at the first word that *Venus* sung, the curtaine was drawne, and they discovered.

*Venus.* **D**Rowse *Phœbus* come away,  
And let out the long'd for day,  
Leaue thy *Thetis* silver breast,  
And ope the casements of the East.  
Tis *Venus* calls, away, away,  
The waking mortals long for day.

*Thetis.* And let them long, tis just and right  
To shut them in eternall night,  
Whose deeds deserue no day; lye still,  
Arise not yet, lye still my Sun,  
My night begins when thou art gone.

*Venus.* Ile wooe thee With a kisse to come away.

*Thet.* And I with fourtie for to stay.

*Venus.* Ile giue to thee the faire *Adonis* (beare  
So thou wilt rise: *Thet.* And I to keepe thee here  
Will giue a wreath of pearle as faire  
As ever Sea-Nymph yet did weare.  
Tis *Thetis* wooes thee stay, O stay, O stay.

*Venus.* Tis *Venus* wooes thee rise, O come away.

*Phœbus.* To which of these shall I mine eare encline ?

*Venus.* Vnto the upper world repayre.

*Thet.* O no, I'll binde him in my flowing haire.

*Phœbus.* But see fond Mortalls how they gaze  
On that same pettie blaze ?

*Thetis* adieu, I am no longer thine,

I must away, For if I stay,

My Deity's quite undone,

They will forget t'adore the rising Sun.

Heere *Phœbus* arises from *Thetis* lap, and speaks.

But what new spectacle of wonder's this ?

And haue I lost my wonted *Majestie*

Wherewith I use to strike a generall blindness

Through all the *Starres* ? unto what height of pride

Are



Are they aspir'd, that thus with open eyes  
They dare out-face mee? Call out a powerfull raye  
And make those saucie sparkes confesse that all  
Their lustre is a debt they owe to me.

Venus sings. *Gently, gently, God of light,  
Profane not powers that are knowne  
To bee greater then thine owne:  
Here is not a fire doth shine  
That is beholding unto thine,  
They are of themselves divine.*

Phæbus speaks. And blesse them all the Gods. But how come I  
To be so blinde to day? so dull? so heavy?  
I know them now; Hayle fayrest Albions King,  
Liue still the enuie of the world; and thou  
Resplendent Goddess, to view whose glorious face  
I haue oft times in my swift course stood still;  
Be all propitious to thy wish'd delights.  
And since ye haue vouchsaf'd your gracious presence  
Here at the *Muses Grove*, command their Patron,  
Who here stands prest to serue yee.

Venus sings. *Will hee obey?*

Phæb. speaks. Or else let *Daphne* frowne,  
Or Phaeton resume my Chariot.

Venus sings. *Then in their names I doe command thee heere  
Lord of the yeere,  
To entertaine  
This goodly Traine,  
Call backe that day of mine  
The sprightly Valentine.*

Phæb. speaks. Command me kill a *Python*, or recall  
The *Lion* or the *Crabb*: thou art too modest  
In thy requests; tis done, and for to add  
A greater honour to this day, behold  
I will recall those few spent minutes too  
Which haue runn out since I appear'd, I'le back,  
And fetch new rayes that amorous *Valentine*,  
This morning may brighter then euer shine.

*At Phæbus his going in, the Chorus  
sing these two last lines.*

*After the Dialogue, enter a Boy.*

Ha ha he, here be fine feats. (I hope we shall haue a ballad made o'nt before night) ha ha he, the Sun must lay aside all his busines, & be at leasure (forsooth) to fetch back *St Valentines* day for the, ha ha he. In faith Gentlemen I pity ye, y'ar like to haue a goodly *Comedy* here, *Plantus* his *Capriues* translated, or some such thing I warrant ye: why your Poet cannot endure a woman; and there are likely to be sweet raptures where the *Muse* is not *amorous* and *sanguine*. But let me see, now I think o'nt, Ile go fetch him out to ye, & ye shall laugh at him most miserably, & the Ladies too; troth do, he deserues it. He has hired me this *Valentines* morning, (for so ye must suppose it) to lead him out hood-winkt with a black scarf, into the fields, because he would not see a woman. But Gods me! what haue I forgot? I should haue had mine eares stretch'd for it if I had miss'd it. Yee must suppose the *Scene* too to be here in England at a country village. Some low homely slight stuffe 'twill be, I doubt: 'pray heavens he does not heare me. And here's an other dainty absurdity too (which I care not much if I tell yee) concerning their cloathes, which as far transcend the condition of the persons, as the court does the country. But that they hope the Court will excuse, for had it not bin here, they had bin forc'd (they say) to keepe the true *decorum*. But to my charge whom I left at the doore, till I had discover'd whether the coast were cleare. Come sir, now you may venture, you haue a prospect as barren as an Eunuches chin.—O me! why hee's run away. I'le be whipt if he has not finelt out my plot of exposing him to your view.—But heere comes the *Prologue*, he perhaps brings some newes of him; I'le leaue yee to censure his *legs* and *cringes*. *Exit Boy.*

*Prologue.* Vpon occasion of their Maiesties  
comming being deferr'd.

**M**ost sacred Majesties, if yee doe wonder  
To be saturd by an aged Prologue,  
Know that upon these temples I doe wear  
An Embleme of our Mothers fate, who since  
Shee has in expectation of your presence  
Numb'd the tedious moments, is growne old:  
For each expecting minute that has pass'd  
Has seem'd an hower, and every hower a yeare.  
But will yee see what power yee retaine?  
Wee by your presence are made young againe.

{ He pulls off his head  
of haire and beard.

ACT.



*Actus primus, Scena prima.*

*Placenta, Constantina as a Boy, Isabella in  
Constantina's clothes.*

*Pla.* **F**ortune as yet is kind, well done my boy,  
Hold vp your head, a little higher, yet,  
And can you weep? *Isa.* I can, & haue some cause,

*O Lucius!* *Pla.* And sigh? *Isab.* I would I could not.

Most wretched *Isabella.* *Pla.* *Constantina.* *She calls at the*

*Isa.* When shal mine eies feed on that blessed sight? *window*

Or when wilt thou with one kinde looke dissolue

This cloud which now obscures me? and makes me seeme

Another from my selfe? *Pla.* Shee stirres not yet.

Why *Constantina.* *Isab.* O my *Lucius!*

Might I but once more see thee, I could goe

Vnto the graue me thinks with such a looke

As should make death enamour'd on me. *Pla.* Ha?

Not yet? O what a sleepy girle is this?

*Isab.* But in this house I'ue learn'd *Pandora* liues,

Who now does reape my harvest: here I hope

I may enjoy at least a sight of him,

And that is all that ever I must hope for. *Constan. appears*

But I shall be observ'd. *Pla.* O now she comes. *at the window*

*Const. Placenta.* *Pla.* Not so lowd (take heed) for feare

The *Dragon* should be waking; haue you yet

Got on your masculine habit? *Con.* Long agoe.

*Pla.* Descend then, if your mind be still the same,

Before the Sun rise to betray your flight.

*Const.* But haue you drest the Boy in my apparell?

*Pla.* Tis done, and not a creature but my selfe

And the dumbe night are guilty of it. *Const.* Well,

I come. *Pla.* Introth I doe confesse I wonder

What should induce this peevish girle to take

This strange disguised habit, and forsake



*The Rivall Friends.*

Her vncles house, but it is loue forsooth :  
Well, be it what it will, I haue procur'd;  
By her entreatie, and the gold she gaue mee,  
A boy as neere her stature as I could,  
Whom I haue cloathed in her owne apparell,  
And vayled in her scarfe. Come on my boy.  
You haue not yet forgot, I hope, th' instructions  
I read to you within. Come, let me see  
You vent a sigh now. Excellent : but be sure  
You speake not very often. *Isab.* Doubt not that:  
Th'are shallow griefs that make a noise. *Pla.* Well said,  
But tell me you, sir boy, what wast that made  
You leaue the London Players? *Isab.* Indeed forsooth  
I was abused there; besides, that trade  
Begins to fayle of late, most of your Gallants  
Are growne so wise and frugall, that they chuse  
Rather to spend their money on a whore  
(Which they call *necessarie*) then on such *toyes*.

*Pla.* Goe to, you are a wagg. See now she comes. *Enter*  
But ô the Father! what pismire is this? *Const.*  
Ah, I shall swound to looke upon her leggs :  
Surely one blast of wind will breake them quite.  
Now out upon her! mine are mill-posts to them.

*Const.* *Placenta*, you doe see how much I trust you,  
That put mine honour thus into your hands.  
Leade you this picture of mine into my chamber,  
And there instruct him how he should behaue  
Himselfe, that no suspition of my flight  
Be nourisht by my Vncle, till I bee  
Past his recalling. So farewell good midwife.

*Pla.* How my left eye-brow beats? I do not like it,  
It does presage no good. My *Constantina*,  
Goe back againe I pray you, in good sooth  
Tis very dangerous, thus discompanied  
To undertake a journey. *Const.* All in vaine:  
I am resolv'd either to find my *Cleopes*,  
Or else to sleepe with death clos'd in mine armes. *Exit*

*Pla.* If it must needs be so, why then farewell. *Constan.*  
I cannot chuse but weep: sweet *Constantina*—  
Well, twas the gooddest *Gentlewoman*—but she's gone—

Many



*The Rivall Friends.*

Many a deare morsell has shee helpt me to —  
But we must all depart — I doe remember  
When shee was but a little one, shee ever  
Was fond of mee — but I must be content.  
Come on my boy, let not your face so much  
Be seene — when I haue shewne her lodging to you,  
And left you there — I cannot yet forbear,  
It will not from my heart — I'le goe and visite  
The faire *Pandora*, that kinde Gentlewoman,  
And see if that her closet can afford  
Any good thing to hold the heart. Come boy. *Exeunt.*

ACT. I. SCEN. 2.

*Anteros solus.*

*Ant.* I knew there was a woman in the wind.  
I smelt her. Stay. — but now she's gone. — Ile forward.  
Why I am not at leasure now to take  
An ounce of Tobacco in a weeke, they doe  
So haunt mee up and downe. And this forsooth  
Is our Saint *Valentine*, wherein our lovers  
Doe use to imitate *Jack-dames*, and *Rookes*,  
Doe *bill* and *couple*. But (my starre's be thanked)  
I'me now deliver'd from those petulant females,  
But stay, and let me recollect my selfe.  
What part about me ist (I wonder) can  
Be guiltie of their sinne of loving mee?  
Introth me thinks I am not very faire;  
A pretty *winter countenance* I weare  
After a cup: and I haue often seene  
A better nose dwell better eyes betweene.  
As for my legs (not for to flatter them)  
Surely I thinke under a boot they might  
Become the *Court*, so I refrain'd to play  
At *Goff* — but oh the traytor's apprehended,  
I haue him fast. Oh thou *pernicious nose*,  
Rebellious member, haue I so often rays'd  
Thy dull complexion with the spirits of sacke  
Vnto that height that thou hast dar'd t'outface  
The Sun in *Cancer*, and haue I this reward?  
But if I doe not humble thee againe,

*The Rival Friends.*

Reduce thee to thy former state of paleness  
With *rot-gut*, and *cuds-nigs* — let me be married.  
But whom haue we here?  
Tis *Lucius* one of our loving fooles;  
O ho? why then I must be tortured;  
That's all that I can say, I must be tortured.

ACT. I. SCEN. 3.

*Anteros, Lucius, Endymion.*

*Luc.* Ah my *Endymion*, seest thou yond rising *Sun*?

*End.* I doe, but what of that? *Luc.* Why nothing boy

But at his presence why doe those *lesser-fires*  
Pluck in their *shamefac'd heads*? doest thou not marke  
Dull heauie Page? I can but meditate  
Vpon the wit of *Nature*, who by objects  
*Low* and *inanimate*, as is that *Sun* —

*Ant.* Now heavens be good unto me, this is call'd  
*Lovers philosophy*. *Luc.* does reade unto us  
A lecture of her higher *mysteries*.  
What doest thou thinke is meant by that same *Sun*?  
And those *extinguish'd tapers*? — he alas  
Poore aged wretch but coldly imitates  
That which *Pandora* does unto the life.  
Whilst she is absent thousands of petty beauties  
Doe twinkle in the night, let her appeare,  
And they all vanish.

*Ant.* Ha braue, is not this daintie? for all this,  
Surely the man would take't unkindly now  
If I should goe and tell him he was mad.

*Luc.* *Endymion*, lend me thine eyes a little;  
Doe thou desire to see a *Mapp*, a *Modell*  
Of all the world in brieft and in one word?  
View this — why readst thou not? thy happy lipps  
Should thirst me thinks to haue that blessed ayre  
Divorce them. reade. *End.* *Pandora.* *Luc.* Ah *Pandora*.  
Looke here's the *Sun*, this place does *Iupiter*  
Possesse, here *Venus*, and there *Phæbe*; marke —  
Here is the *Earth*, but in her *bravery*,  
And *smiling* as when *Sol* does sleepe betwixt  
The twining *Gemini*. *Ant.* Thou daring mortall:

*The Riuall Friends.*

But where in this your *Idoll* of the world  
Is *Styx*, *Cocytus*, or the blessed place  
Of the deare *Furies*? or the three chapt *Dog*?  
Are they without the verges of the World?

*Luc.* Fortune I how happy were I was this face  
Of thine not counterfeite. Speake *Endymion*:  
But art thou sure that my *Neander* drew  
The faire *Constantina* for his *Valentine*?

*Endy.* I neuer said it Sir. *Luc.* How neuer said it?

*End.* Onely her name, so was *Pandora* yours.

*Luc.* O too too true presage of both our fortunes.  
But let it be. When I doe violate  
That loue, that more then mortall bond, wherewith  
My soule is ty'd vnto *Neander*, may  
I fall vnpietied, may no gentle sigh  
Be spent at my last obsequies, may I want  
A man to with me againe, would that preuaile.

*Ant.* Without all question this is *Magick*— oh  
How I doe feare a *Metamorphosis*.

*Luc.* But I doe feele a pouerty of words  
Begin to ceaze mee. Good *Endymion*,  
Where is my boy *Luscinio*? Call him in,  
That hee may touch a string which may dissolue mee  
Into a flood of teares——come on my boy,  
Oh teach that hollow pensiué Instrument  
To giue a true relation of my woes  
Whilst I lye here, and with my sighes keepe time.

*Enter Lase.*  
*with a Lute.*

*Ant.* O how I sweate. 300000 feauers  
Are now vpon me. O——

*The Song.*

*Haue pittie (Griefe) I can not pay  
The tribute which I owe thee, teares;  
Alas those Fountains are growne dry,  
And tis in vaine to hope supply  
From others eyes, for each man beares  
Enough about him of his owne  
To spend his stock of teares vpon*

*Ant.* O O O. Will it be euer done?

*The Riuall Friends.*

*Woe then the heauens (gentle Loe)*  
*To melt a Clond for my reliefe*  
*Or woe the Deepe or Woe the Grane,*  
*Woe what thou wilt so I may haue*  
*Wherewith to pay my debt, for Griefe*  
*Ha: vow'd, vlesse I quickly pay*  
*To take both life and tone away.*

*Ant.* Gods, and the World ! you euerlasting Twanger——  
*Antoyd. Luc.* What meanes the Gentleman ? *Ant.* Ile tell you.  
The Gentleman does meane for to consult  
With the entrals of your breeches, boy; the Gentleman  
Does meane to whip you boy, vnlesse you straight  
Antoyd the place with that *seducing Fiddle.*  
And you his *Squire* his *Pandar* that procures  
This bandy *Cockatrice* Musick for him. fly.

ACT. I. SCENE 4.

*Antros. Lucius.*

*Ant.* How fares it with our *Lucius* ? *Luc.* As with one  
That is of all men the most miserable  
Ah my *Pandora*, when I record thy name,  
(Thy name that's bounded with that *sacred* number  
As shewing all *Perfection* bides in thee)  
Mee thinkes the numerous *Orbes* dwell in mine care,  
After which sound all others seeme vnpleasing,  
Harsh, voyd of Harmony——*Pandora*——oh  
How sweete a life had the *Camelion*  
Might hee but euer feede vpon such aires !

*Ant.* Am I not yet transform'd ? me thinkes I feele  
My selfe becoming *Wolfe*—— I am halfe *Bear* already.

*Luc.* Liue happy still, and when thine aged head  
Loaden with yeares Shall bee inuveloped  
Within this earth, may a perpetuall spring  
Be on thy Grane. *Ant.* Shall I put forth my *Paw*,  
And so command him silence ? *Luc.* But when I  
Forget to loue thee or thy memorie,  
May my white name be stained with the blot.



*The Riuall Friends.*

Of basenesse, and I dye without one teare  
To wash it out. *Ant.* Forget to loue her? — oh  
Not for a world. And er't belong we shall  
Haue some *decayed piece of Arras*, that  
Is brought to his last fate, and has no more  
Lands for to sell or morgage for new plush  
Will begge you for your faire reuenues Sir

————— Death Sir I cannot flatter,  
Let me not liue a minnte if I can.  
You looke not like your selfe in that same passion;  
It is not man-like; ere I'de loose a sigh,  
Or set my soule one scruple of a note  
The lower for these *searcrowes* in cleane linnen  
These *chippings* of nature: I'de dam my selfe  
To a thatcht Alehouse, and *S. Kitts Tobacco*,  
And dabb'e there eternally:

*Luc.* Ah *Anteros*, thou art too rough a Surgeon  
To handle my wounds. *Ant.* *Pandora*, ah *Pandora*,  
Does not this sound deliciously from a man?

*Luc.* Doe not blasphemee good *Anteros*; shee is  
The *modell* of the world. *Ant.* Why so am I,  
And you, and euery man besides, wee all  
Are *little worlds*. *Luc.* But my *Pandora* is  
The *abstract* of them all; when she was borne,  
The whole house of heauen did meete, and there decreede  
Onely in her mortality should reach  
Perfection. *Ant.* And for heauens cause why in her?  
Are wee not all made of the selfe same clay?  
And of the same ingredients? by the same workeman?  
'Tis madnesse *Lucius* this, it is not loue.

*Luc.* Sir I must leaue you. *Ant.* Nay but stay a while,  
I haue not finisht yet. Besides all this,  
If you doe loue her so, what hinders then  
But you might marry her, since (as I heare)  
The Girle is not compos'd of adamant  
Or flint, but of a supple and kinde nature,  
And loues you too? *Luc.* O my deare friend *Neander*,  
Shall I doe this to thee? to such a friend?

*Ant.* Oh I am vndone. Farewell.

*The Riuall Friends.*

ACT. I. SCB. 5.

*Lucius in insidiis, Pandora. Neander*

*Luc.* But see *Pandora*.

Oh how amaz'd and suddaine is the flight  
Of all the spirits of darkenesse, when the day  
But shoves her face! *Pan.* What if I take this way?  
It may be I shall finde them in the grove,  
Whither they oft resort—— but stay, perchance  
They may be in the arbour that doth looke  
Into the Forrest. *Luc.* Oh ye immortall Gods!  
Why did ye suffer those vaine Lunaticke Poets  
So much to antedate the workes of nature,  
Who living many ages since did write  
I know not what of many Nymphs and Graces,  
Muses and Syrens? they are meece fables all;  
With my *Pandora* they had all their birthes,  
And when she dyes they'l perish with her. *Pan.* Ah!  
How like vnto this Dazy was I once  
Whilst I did live recluse! my innocent heart  
Like to this little Globe of gold, enclos'd  
VWithin the whitensse of my thoughts, was safe  
From all the violence that Loue, or shame  
His childe could doe: but when his warmer beames  
Displai'd that Ivory guard, and laide me open  
Vnto the tyrannie of his assaults,  
I was—— but I will fighe out all the rest.

Ah *Lucius*. *Luc.* Oh happynam! *Pan.* Why *Lucius*?  
*Neander* is as deare to me as hee.

Dost thou not blush to speake \* thou shame of woman?  
But here he comes, I will addresse my selfe.

*Enter Nean.*

With all the winning Graces that I haue  
To entertaine him. *Luc.* Tis my friend *Neander*.

*Nean.* Faire Nymph, God saue you. *Pan.* Dearest loue *Neander*.  
The welcom'st man aliue. *Nean.* Nay but sweete Lady  
Forbeare th' encounter. *Pan.* Whether dost thou turne  
So cruelly from her that loues thee more  
Then her owne soule? are you not well good Sir?

*Nean.* You see I walke, looke fresh, and laugh. (ha, ha, he)  
Symptomes of one that is not very sicke.

*Pan.*

*The Riuall Friends.*

*Pan.* But am I thus despis'd? *Nean.* You're troublesome.  
Ha, ha, he, tis pretty, very pretty

\* How tturnily doth sorrow laugh? (ha, ha, he) *aside.*

Most excellent, beyond compare (ha ha, he)

Why doe you follow mee?

I doe not sell *complexion* Lady, nor

Haue I the art to cure the *tympany*,

I haue no great deuotion to the *inb*

Nor the *hot house*, as yet, what are you rampant?

*Pan.* But pray thee speake *Neander*, am I so  
Deformed growne of late, for to deserue

All this neglect? *Nean.* What shall I answer? *Madam,*

If you haue spoke all that you meane to speake

And haue no greater businesse, I desire

I may craue pardon, I must take my leaue,

I haue affaires expect mee. O misery!

That which I long for most, I fly from farthest.

Where shall I find my *Lucius*?

ACT. I. SCE. 6.

*Lucius. Pandora. Neander.*

*Luc.* What is hee gone?

*Pan.* *Lucius*, were you so nigh, and not discouer'd?  
All haile, but whither in such haste my loue?

If thou doest loue mee stay a little. *Luc.* Loue you?

Now all the Gods forbid it. I loue you?

My better *Angell* guard mee from such a sinne.

Should I loue you, a *Thiefe*? *Pan.* A *theife*? *Luc.* A *theife*

I and the worst of Thienes—— \* Villaine thou liest. *aside.*

*Pan.* But why a *Thiefe*? Speake. *Nean.* My diuining soule  
Tels mee that *Lucius* is not farre from hence. *Redit in scenam Neander.*

Ha! it is he, I will obserue a little

*Luc.* Lady, Ile tell you, since you dee so long  
To heare your prayes trumpeted to the world,  
First, thou hast rob'd thy *Father*, thine owne Father,  
Of all that little stock of vertue and goodnesse  
VVhich nature gaue him, and (most couetous)  
Hast powr'd it to thy greater heape; besides  
Thou hast vnlonely thy *Sister*, stolne from her  
All that was *beautifull* and *louely* in her;



*The Riuall Friends.*

That faire maiestick straightnesse which attracts  
The eyes of thousands to admire, Was hers;  
Those rose buds that open on your cheekes  
Were cropt out of her garden; vpon her ruines  
Is that faire Edifice of thine erected:  
Last, thou hast stolne from mee and from Neander  
(Which are not two that haue deseru'd the worst  
Of thee in all the world) our happinesse  
All our content, our ioy, our very selues.

You see how amiable a creature you are,  
How well deseruing loue. Should I loue you?  
I'de first embrace a *Succubus*, court the plague,  
Or kisse a cloude that's big with lightning— (heavens, *Aside.*  
Haue yee no thunderbolts in store to strike  
This sacrilegious head that thus blasphemes  
One of your dearest pieces? —) I loue you?

Whose face drest vp in that same innocent lawne  
Showes like a dunghill set about with Lillies.?  
\* (Thou art a periur'd wretch) — should I loue you? *Aside.*

Whose eyes are like two fixed barrells set  
Vpon a Beacon onely to astonish *Aside.*

And fright the neighbouring people — \* (oh my heart!  
It is a hundred thousand miles betwixt  
Thee and my tongue) — what doe you meditate on?

*Pan.* The nearest way vnto the graue. *Luc.* The graue?  
If thou wouldst haue the shortest cut to hell,  
To that same receptacle of black soules,  
(Where such as dye for loue doe walke in shades  
As darke as were their thoughts, whilst they liu'd here)  
Lend me thy hand and I will shew it thee.

*Pan.* Let it be speedy then good *Lucius*.

*Luc.* Why thou art at thy iourneyes end already.

*Pan.* Where's that? *Luc.* Amongst the departed soules, below  
Where the dire furies haue their habitation,  
'Tis in this breast. *Pan.* Why dost not open then  
And let me in? — Oh if they liue so here,  
Farewell for euer to the vpper world.

*Nean.* Ha? does he embrace her? sure it cannot be.

*Luc.* Away thou prostitute, immodest, goe.

*Nean.* Who is't dares say I must not loue this man?

*Luc.*

*The Riuall Friends.*

*Luc.* Or you, or I must leaue this place. *Pan.* Stay *Lucius.*  
 'Tis I that will be gone, the most vnhappy  
 Of all, on whom nature hath written woman;  
 Forsaken *Constantina*, thou and I  
 Will haue a *Dialogue* in teares anon. *Exit.*

*Luc.* *Neander.* *Nean.* *Lucius!* They embrace and so goe out.

ACT. I. SCEN. 7.

*Liuely.* His boy. 6 Suiters to *Mistris Vrsely.*

*Lin.* I, I, loue on, ha, ha, he, and see what yee will get  
 By that at last, I'le loue my selfe, my selfe, ha, ha, he,  
 This day old *Liuely* thou art iust fourescore,  
 Quickly some Sack, I haue not yet baptized  
 Mine eyes this morning as I vse to doe.  
 Why boy? ha, ha. I am as lusty now,  
 As full of actiue spirits, as when I wore  
 But twenty on my back, ha, ha, he, this laughing  
 Surely's restorative aboue your gold,  
 Or all your dearer drugges. The very thought  
 How quaintly I shall gull my expecting Schollers  
 My *Neophytes* that gape to heare the newes \* *Gan.* Filpot passes  
 When I shall nod into the graue, does adde *ouer into Iustice*  
 Such vigour to me, that I doe not feele *Hookes house, af-*  
 Not feele the ground I stand vpon. \* But see *ter him* *Tem.* All  
 More Suiters still — \* Now they begin to flock.

*Arth. Arm.* Sir if I may aduise you wade no farther \* *Then Arth.*  
 Into this businesse, but desist; I haue *Armst. and*  
 A promise (I'le assure you) from the *Iustice.* *Zeal.* Know.

*Zealous Kn.* Sir I may vse the same words vnto you  
 I haue a promise too, but yesterday  
 My Father did present him with a horse  
 Of *Robin-red-breast's* getting — \* by your leaue. \* *They*

*Art. Ar.* Nay Sir come on, if you be good at that. — *strine*

*Lin.* You haue a promise. God-a-mercy horse. ha, ha, he. who  
 These and some dozen more doe dayly haunt *shall go*  
 This *Cormorants* house, and all (good men) pretend *first in-*  
 It is pure loue vnto his crooked daughter *to her.*  
 That drawes them thither, when there's not one of 'em *house.*  
 That would vouchsafe her a looke, nay hardly a thought  
 Vnlesse it were for to contemne her; but

There

*The Riuall Friends.*

There is a *thing* they call a *Parsonage*  
An *improprate Parsonage* which th'well giuen Matrons  
Haue rescued from the *Laitie*, and retuines  
After my death vnto the Church, which liuing  
The *Iustice* here has sold them, but reseruing  
The first donation for himselfe, with which  
He intends to put his foolish daughter off.  
'Twas once my brothers land, but this same *Hooke*  
By a golden bayte did plack it from him: well,  
It is no matter, I haue my life in it. Ha, ha, he.  
But I will cheate them all, will cozen them.

*Enter Boy with a glasse of Sack.*

Why Boy. Boy. Here Sir. *Lin.* Well said my hony, well said.  
Oh how it smiles vpon mee! (hum hum) giue it mee  
This is mine *Antidote* gainst the *Sirbe* of time.  
He that desires to liue, let him doe thus ——— *Hee drinkes.*  
Drinke Sack i'th morning. Boy, another cup.  
How now? another? see how he prunes himselfe. *Enter Stutch.*

*Stutch.* Boy, there's a *teson* for you, see you looke  
Well to my Nagge ——— I must be generous now.  
But let me see, I will accost him thus.  
Sir if it pleate your worship ——— (it must be so)  
These Country *Iustices* doe loue a life  
For to be worshipped at euery word,  
I come now from my Lady. *Lin.* (And you may  
Returne againe vnto her *Ladisship*  
And tell her that old *Linely* is not yet  
Intended for to dye. *Stutch.* And doe desire  
That as you shall approue of my good parts ———  
Well'twill doe ——— now I will knock ———  
But I will open and enter, 'tis a *Solacismo*  
For to be *modest* in such businesse.

*The Boy with another glasse of Sack.*

*Lin.* Well done my Squire o'th bottles, stand you there.  
Sir I doe come now from my Lady, ha, ha, he,  
And doe desire, that as you shall approue  
Of my good parts ——— ha, ha, he ——— *He drinkes.*  
Well take the glasse, and get you home, hum, hum, hum.

*Hug.* If I can winne the Girl, I'll find a trick *Enter Hugo*  
For to dispatch old *Linely* presently *Obligation.*  
And

*The Rinal Friends.*

And with much ease ; a peice of bread and a pinne  
Will doe the cure, or else an honest burro  
*Lapt up in butter.* *Lin.* Here's a precious rogue,  
Oh it is *Hugo Obligation*  
The precise Scriuener, that these three yeares space  
Has laboured for orders, this same villaine  
Sure is the likeliest manto carry her——

*Hugo.* But see where *Linely* stands, Ile not be seene. *Exit.*

*Lin.* Being one whom he does vse in all his *Conemants.*  
But I'le out liue them all, the Knaues. Ile now  
Goe tast a bowle of pure refined ayra  
Vpon yond hill. *Exit.*

ACT. I. SCE. 8.

*Anteros. Loneall.*

*Ant.* Yet stay a little, who is this? hee's gone.  
Once more the coast is cleare, now I'le aduenture  
Towards the Shepheards doore: not farre from hence  
Hid in a thicket I haue prouided for me  
A Shepheards robes, these, if I can preuaile.  
With this same *Stripes* for to vndertake  
A Seruant of my commendation,  
Will I streight leape into, and so remaine  
Disguis'd with him, for (as I vnderstand)  
The family doth consist of himselfe and's dog,  
As for his wife shee seldome is at home  
Being a famous *Midwife*. Blessed house!  
Surely in such a place *Hippolytus*  
Did hunt away his solitary howers.  
But I forget (tick tock) why Shepheard, *Stripes*. How?  
Not yet awake? *Lou.* Is not this *Anteros*? *Enter Loneall.*

*Ant.* How I was dealt withall by nature when  
Shee moulded this same lump of clay together,  
And season'd it with soule, I know not, but  
Let mee get out o'th world with obloquy  
If euer I could find in all the herd  
Of woman-kind yet so much excellence  
As could procure a sigh, or kindle in mee  
The least sparke of a desire. *Lou.* Tis he, his phrase  
Betrayes him. *Ant.* I confesse like *Whelps* or *Kittlings*



*The Riuall Friends.*

Whilst they are young, and suck, and doe not know  
The use of tongue, they're pretty creatures, and  
They may be look'd vpon without the danger  
Of either *stoole* or *vomit*. — but — *Lon.* But —

VVell Sir *Ruffian*, I hope to see this *Blasphemy* of yours against  
that feathered *Deity* sent home with a shaft in your bosome for  
interest ere long. *Ant.* VVhat my little *whigwitary Loneall*?  
my *Page* of the *Smock*? my *commodity* above *faires*? my *Court*  
*Shuttlecocke*? tost from one Lady to another? The *Kernell* of thy  
gloue sweete lack. *Lon.* Take *shell* and all.

*Ant.* Why here's a *Parcell* of mans flesh of another temper  
now, that has the art of placing his affections wisely,  
can loue one because shee's *faire*, a second because shee's *modest*,  
and has his *packets* of reasons in readinesse too; if he meetes  
with a *wanton* Girle, that property takes him, there is  
hope of *actiuity*, shee will not fill a bed like *Pygmalions*  
*Image* before hee sacrificed to *Venus*: if shee bee *rude*, and  
*ignorant*, her harmelesse *simplicity* catches him; he loues this for  
the gracefull *writhing* of her neck; another because she can *vayle*  
her borrowed teeth neatly with her *Fanne* when shee *venters* at  
laughter: nothing can scape him, euery part of woman is full  
of *limeswigs* to him: which though it bee an humour contrary  
to mine, who care for none, yet I like it farre above your *whining*  
constancy as saouring more of the *Man*. *Lon.* True. For  
why should I confine my loue to one Circle? we see that labo-  
rious creature the *Bee*, which is often set before vs for a *Coppy*  
of industry, not alwayes *drowning* vpon one flower, but as soone  
as shee has suckt the sweetnesse from one, throwes her little  
*ayrie* body vpon a second, and so to a third, till at last she comes  
home with her thighes laden with that pretty *spoyle*.

*Ant.* VVell said my *Loneall*, I perceiue thou wilt neuer dye  
for loue then. *Lon.* No, If I doe, let me lye when I am dead  
by that *Cynick* Philosopher with a staffe in my hand, to fright  
the beafts and fowles from my vnburied carkasse. —

But is there any newes I pray thee growne  
Vp in this country since I went to court? *Ant.* O tanto e più.  
First *Cleopes* your sisters Louer —

*Lon.* VVhat? he is not dead I hope? *Ant.* I would he were.  
Is gone, has forsooke her. *Lon.* How? *Ant.* And she forsooth  
Since his departure has betooke her selfe.

[ *The Riuall Friends.*

Vnto a weyle, silence, and teares; in which  
*Monastick* habit shee does spend her dayes.

I doe but tell you by tradition Sir,  
 Not from my selfe; but this I can assure you,  
 It is with vs the *Parenthesis* of eating.

*Lon.* Ther's nothing man within mee. After such vowes?  
 Such protestations? but the *Gods* make *Loneall*  
 No creature, if he does not suffer for't,  
 Buy this disloyalty of his, at a deare rate.

*Ant.* Can you be quiet? next your faire Kinswoman  
 Sweete Mistris *Vrsly* (who without all question  
 Was *Kiellin* to *Nib*, o'th *Queene* of *Faries Kitchin*,  
 Sent to your Vncle for a *Newyeeres* gift  
 Vpon exchange by the *Else*) has the *Parsonage*  
 Old *Linely* lines in hung on her crooked back;  
 With which faire *baise*, your good and vertuous Vncle  
 Does *angle* for some young and hungry *Scholler*,  
 And daily expects the *taking* of the *Gudgeon*.  
 This very houre no lesse then 6 or 7  
 Are  *nibling* at it, but the *hooke* is seene;  
 Your Vncle is not cunning in his *fishing*,  
 And so I pray you tell him —

*Lon.* But stay *Anteros*.  
 I haue discover'd (vnlesse mine eyes deceiue me)  
 A stranger thing then is all this you told mee,  
 What's that i' your hatt? tis not a *Valentine*  
 I hope? *Ant.* But I haue got a counter hope  
 Against that hope of yours; I hope it is.

*Lon.* But art thou turn'd a Louer? hast thou got  
 A Mistris? thou a Mistris? let me see  
 That I may worship that great name, that has  
 Begot this miracle in thee. *Ant.* Away,  
 Keepe backe those common eyes, they be prophane.

*Lon.* By all the lips of honour I must see't.

*Ant.* Come you haue learn'd such *perfum'd* oathes at Court,  
 By all their *Feather-men* and *Tire-Women*,  
 Boxes of *fucus*, cabinets for *cernisse* —  
 Nay looke you now — not for a million.

*Lon.* For a farre lesser summe sweete Sir nay come  
 I must and will. *Ant.* Death! what a mad man's this?

*The Riuall Friends.*

Why if you must and will, then see. *Lon.* What's here?

*Rex et regina magna Britannia?* what's this? what's this?

What are the King and Queene thy Valentines? ha, ha, he.

*Ant.* Yes marry are they; why doe you laugh so *Loncall?*

*Lon.* Who can refraine? ha, ha, he. *Ant.* For whom should  
Loue, or adore more? I tell thee Iack, I care not I admire,

For such poore weake *Idolaters* that lye prostrate

To euery little *Starre* that can but *twinkle*;

Those petty *uotaries of Egypt*, which

Worship the *Onion* and the *Lecke*—— for mee

I will not bend a knee vnlesse it be

Vnto the *Sun* or *Moone*. *Lon.* Thou art mad, starke mad,

*A citizen of Bedlam.* *Ant.* I am mad,

Yes, Yes, I am. You then that are so wise

*He puls him*

Enioy your wisedomeneffe alone——farewell.

*back.*

*Lon.* Come back ith' name of goodnesse —— *Anteros*——

*Ant.* My company may infect you Sir, I am mad.

*Lon.* What is my little boy grownt fullen now,

And will not eate its dinner? *Ant.* Well, what then?

*Lon.* This day my *Anteros* I will dedicate

To thee and laughter, to morrow I will study

Some deepe reuenge for my abused sifter

Vpon that villaine; but no more, thy hand.

Shall wee be merry and laugh each man his *rubber*?

*Ant.* I'me for you for a single game or so.

*Lon.* VVell, shall I make a motion then? stay you

*He offers*

But here a little. *Ant.* Call you this a motion?

*to goe out*

One word before you tranaile, whether now?

*hastily.*

*Lon.* I will returne immediatly. *Ant.* So you shall.

*He offers*

Speake ere you goe. *Lon.* VVell, if I must I wil.

*again and*

Last night it was my chance to ouertake

*Anteros puls*

Vpon the way a brace of fine *rume fooles*,

*him back.*

Which I haue brought along with me, these now

*He offers to*

Will I goe fetch vnto thee. *Ant.* Peraduenture.

*go, Anteros*

Surely the man has *Quicksiluer* in's heeles.

*puls him*

I pray thee tell me, what are they for creatures?

*backe.*

*Lon.* Wee shall loose time. *Ant.* Rather shall gaine it Sir.

*Lon.* The first of them is a fine *spiced gallant*,

One that has beene some three yeares in *codling*

At th' *tunes o'rb' Court*, and (as *hee* tells me) intends

To lye, and soake a while to make him *relish*.



*The Riuall Friends.*

In the *rose-water* of a *Knighthood*, strew'd  
O're with the *Sugar* of a yearly rent  
Of some nine hundred — after the old mans death,  
And all this cookery is to please the pallate  
Of some nice Minion, who to make her weight  
Drags peradventure some three thousand after her.

The *thing* (to doe it right) beside the managing of it's rapier, and  
a pretty competencie of play parcels, can salute you, and take  
it's leaue of you in *French*, but so miserably harsh that any one  
may conclude, hee neuer traual'd for his language further then  
*Littleton* — He — *Ant.* Is a very asle, no more of him;  
but what's the other? *Low.* His *kinsman*. What hee is now he  
knowes not himselfe, else he would haue tolde me, but he has  
beene a *Lawyers Clerke* in's dayes, his prattle is altogether about  
the *complections*, and hee will reade you a lecture of simple baw-  
dery for some two houres in your eare if you'll suffer him, and af-  
ter all this, he feesles you by the nose, and cryes *Marke the end*  
*on't.* *Ant.* And is this all? giue me thy hand, I haue a brace of  
the like creatures at my seruice. I will play with thee from a  
*Stiner* to a *Guilder*, from a *Guilder* to a *Doller*, from a *Doller* to a  
*French crowne*, from a *French crowne* to a pound, from a pound, to  
a hundred (marke what I say) in the way of friendship, with  
thole two grand coxcombes thou hast all to be worded so.

*Low.* You will, are you so confident? *Ant.* Yes marry am I.  
Onely I will not cloy you with an inuenty of your dishes be-  
fore hand, take this in brieft. One of them is a Scholler newly  
warmed in a *lambskin*, Nephew to old *bully Linsly*, at whose house  
they are both now, the other is an elder brother, and an heire,  
and he shall tell you so as toone as he sees you. But stay where  
shall our *Campus Martins* be? *Low.* No place better then this,  
but speake the houre. *Ant.* Let me see, [*Hee lookes upon his*  
*Watch*] 'tis iust eight now, some halfe an houre after nine I will  
not faile. *Low.* To bring your *champions* with you. *Ant.* Or  
else I'll make good the place my selfe, which I would be loath  
to doe I tell you. *Exit.*

*Low.* My first worke now is for to see my Vncle,  
And as I heare my melancholly sister.  
That done through the backe doore that leades to th'Stables  
(where they are taking order for their horses.)



*The Rival Friends.*

I will goe visite my two creatures and  
Prepare them for the Combat.

*Finis Actus Primi.*

The Song.

Cupid if a God thou art,  
Transfix this Monsters stubborn heart.  
But if all thy shafts be flowne,  
And thy quiver empty growne,  
Here be Ladies that haue eyes  
Can furnish thee with new supplies.  
Yet winged Archer doe not shoot at all,  
'Tis pittie that hee should so nobly fall.

ACT. 2. SCEN. I.

*Stipes making of himselfe ready with his Sheepe-hooke in  
his hand. Mistris Vrsely, Merda.*

*Sti.* Heigh hoe —

'Tis a fine morning this as I haue seene,  
And a most early Spring — but daughter *Merda*,  
Why *Merda* I say, why daughter *Merda*, what,  
Haue not the *Fleas* yet made a breakefast of you?  
You'le rite? or doe you meane that *Mistris Vrsely*  
Shall rake you in your bed? shee'l not be long  
Ere she be here — Oh me! shee's here already.  
Why *Merda*, *Merda* I say, goe to,  
I, I by'r Lady.

*Mrs. Vrsely  
enters.*

*Vrs.* Fa, la, la, la, I haue found six *Checkstones* in my *She sings.*  
Father's yard, all in my Father's yard, and now I  
Will goe see if *Merda* will play with me —  
Oh *Stipes*, where is your daughter *Merda*?

*Sti.* Oh sweet *Mistris Vrsely*, oh that I were a young  
Scholler now for your sake; ha, this is shee that  
The beggars fight for: come on i' faith young *Mistris*,  
Which of all the *blackcoates* doe you loue best?

*Vrs.* *Blackcoates*? I care not this for any of them,  
I ne're will loue any but *Anteros*;  
But pray you *Stipes* call your daughter *Merda*,  
Is shee not vp yet?

*Sti.*

*The Rival Friends.*

*Sti.* Merda, will you come? or doe you long vntill  
I fetch you out — At length forsooth: are *Enter Merda.*  
You not asham'd of this you great *Maukin* you?

*Vrs.* Oh Merda, will you play at *Chuckstones* with me?

*Sti.* Where is your answer, and your curt'sie *Mayden*?  
If it please you forsooth, say.

*Mer.* If it please you forsooth say.

*Sti.* Say? thou filthy *harlotry*, thou;  
Oh here's a *Girl* brought vp most daintily;  
Well was it not for shame I'de rake you vp — *He offers.*

*Mer.* Father, good Father, forgiue me but this once, I'le neuer  
Doe so any more.

*Vrs.* *Stipes*, you shall forgiue her,  
I'le make my Father take his house from you,  
And the *North close*, vnlesse —

*Sti.* Thanke your young *Mistris*; young *Mistris* I  
Doe thanke you say.

*Mer.* Young *Mistris* I doe thanke you say.

*Sti.* Again? but oh the *diggers*!  
What doe I see? My *Sheepe* haue quite *disgress*  
Theyr bounds, and leap't into the *generall*.  
Whu, whu, why *Scab*, the last, the last, there *scab*  
'Tis the best *Curte*  
That euer mumbled *crust*.  
How daintily he catcht that *Sherchogge*! there,  
So, so, au, au: why so; haup, haup, you roague  
But I will follow him.

ACT. 2. SCEN. 2.

*Mistris Vrsely.* Merda.

*Vrs.* Come Merda, will you play now?

*Mer.* No, I wo'nt vnlesse you'le giue me those *Bracelets*.

*Vrs.* Take them.

*Mer.* And your *gloues* to.

*Vrs.* Heere, fa, la, la.

*Mer.* Stay while I put them on though.

*Vrs.* What shall we play for?

*Mer.* Two *pinnes* a game.

*Vrs.* Stake then: heigh ho *Anteros*!

*Mer.* How many shall we make vp?

*The Rival Friends.*

*Vrs.* One and thirty.

*Mer.* Will you haue *Winter*, or *Summer*?

*Vrs.* — *Summer* — no *Winter*.

*Al.* *Winter, Winter, Winter:*

*Mer.* But you said *Summer* first, I wo'nt play.

*Vrs.* Au, but I said *Winter* after ward though.

*Mer.* Begin then.

*Vrs.* One —

*Mer.* So, so, you toucht the other stone, now I must play.

*Vrs.* Youly, I did not touch it.

*Mer.* You ly, you did touch it, and you shal haue no pins here.

*Vrs.* Sh'ant I so? but I will though; doe you scratch *huffie*?

*Mer.* I that I will scratch, and bite too.

*Vrs.* Giue me my gloues, and bracelets againe.

*Mer.* You may goe looke 'vm, I wo'nt, as long as you gaue  
Them me. *Giue a thing, and take a thing*  
*That's the Devils gold-ring.*

*Vrs.* Well if I don't tell my Father of this, you *Pass* you.

*Mer.* You *Munkey*.

*Vrs.* You *Bastard*.

*Mer.* Doe you abuse one's friends you *lade* you?

*Vrs.* And you call me *lade* you are a *Whore*.

*Mer.* Doe you call *Whore*?

*Vrs.* I that I will call *Whore*, well, well, the next time  
That you eate any *Cheefecakes* at our house  
You shall haue better luck shall you.

*Mer.* Your *Cheefecakes*? we haue as good of our owne.

*Vrs.* Au, hau, you shall nere make no *durt pyes*  
With me in our *Barne huffie*.

*Mer.* Who cares? then you shall gather no more *Violets*, nor  
*Primerozes* in our *Clofe*.

*Vrs.* Your *Clofe*? I'll gather there in spight of your teeth.  
It is my Fathers *Clofe*, so it is, so it is:  
Your Father does but hire it — Oh here he comes  
Here he comes, here comes my Father,  
Now you shall see.

*Mer.* Au but I'll runne home.

ACT. 2. SCENE 3.

*Iustice Hooke, the six Suiter, Mistrie Vrsely, Linsly.*  
*Hooke.* Come on, I am not of that ranke of *Patrons*

Which

*The Rivall Friends.*

Which set to sale the livings of the Church.  
(Oh are you here my daughter? wipe your nose;)  
I take no bonds in *secret*, sell no horse  
For his price *centuple*, nor doe I send  
The eager suiters up unto my Lady,  
That she might judge which is the *better gifted*,  
(Sir if your father will be bound to pay  
The *first yeeres revenues*, you are the man shall speed, *Hee takes*  
A *reservation* of mine owne tithes too, *Sinc. aside.*  
Must be concluded on before you haue it)  
But as a true lover of vertue, doe  
Chuse rather to conferre a double good  
Then the least dammage on the man I deale with.  
Behold my young and tender daughter here;  
I doe confesse shee's not the rarest *piece*  
That ever nature *drew*, nor is it fit  
That such as you, who either are, or should be  
*Wedded* unto your *Bookes*, should haue a *lowd*  
And *clamorous* beautie to disturbe your *studios*.  
You need not feare the *thought* of her *perfections*  
Will call you from a piece of *Greeke* to reade  
*Miracles* in her face. Hold up your head, *Enter Linely.*  
And tell me now which of this goodly troupe  
You haue most mind to, for on him will I  
Bestow old *Linely's Parsonage*, and thee  
In Marriage.

*Lin.* Excellent, excellent good, ha, ha, he.

*Vrs.* I will haue *Anteros*, *Terpanders* sonne.

*Hoo.* Let me not heare another syllable,  
You peevish girle, you; you haue *Anteros*?  
What doe you weepe? no more: come on your wayes,  
And sit you downe here by me, while your *Suiters*  
Explaine themselves and their good parts before you.

*Vrs.* Father, huff, huff, I will none of those two men  
With the *short haire*, doe what you can I will not.

*Hoo.* Why so my daughter? peace.

*Vrs.* Huff, huff, —because I know  
As well as can be by their lookes, that they  
Cannot containe themselves within an houre,  
And you doe know I cannot hold my wa —



*The Rivall Friends.*

*Hoo.* Peace thou most arrant foole, before your wooers  
Thus to proclaime your *imperfections*?

*Live.* Ha, ha, he : another bout with my conserues for that;  
This *box* shall add three moneths unto my life,      *He eats con-*  
And this same slice of *Quinces* seven. I, I,      *serues.*  
Begin to pleade, doe, doe.

*Zeal.* My sweetest Mistresse,      *This fellow speakes*  
I will divide this my Oration      *thorow the nose.*  
Iust into three and thirtie parts, all which  
With your vouchsafed patience at this time  
I will runne through.

*Hoo.* The *candle* of the day  
Will burne within the *socket*, ere thou'lt done;  
I pray thee leaue.

*Zeal.* No sir, I will not leaue,  
I am not yet arrived at the *poynt*.

*Gan.* And he doth use to tyre all his hearers.

*Hoo.* Oh; he hath don't already, don't already.

*Zeal.* Besides all this ———

*Hoo.* Now out upon his lungs,  
My dinner will bee spoyl'd, the *capon* burnt,  
The *beeefe* as blacke as mummy; this mans breath  
Will blast them all.

*Live.* Ha, ha, he.

*Hoo.* Hast thou ta'ne Orders fellow?

*Zeal.* If't please you, no.

*Hoo.* Did'st e're preach?

*Zeal.* Onely one Sermon sir  
For approbation to a female Audience.  
But I haue heere letters of commendation  
From seventeene honest men of good report  
Amongst their neighbours.

*Hoo.* Spare your paines good sir.

*Tem.* As for my selfe, sayre Gentlewoman,  
I cannot but inveigh against these times  
Wherein ———

*This is*  
*hoarse.*

*Hoo.* What sayes hec?

*Arth.* If it please your Worship,  
Ha's lost his voyce with rayling against *Bishops*,  
And the sayre discipline of the Church.

*Hoo.* Oh

*The Rivall Friends.*

*Hoo.* Oh villaine,  
Command him silence.

*Stuch.* 'Tis a *courtesie* fir  
You inflict upon him, tis not a *punishment*.

*Gan.* The holy *Matrons* now will rob their husbands  
To contribute to the *afflicted Saint*.

*Live.* And think they merit in it. But no more;  
I will goe gull them all, and presently. —

o — o — o — o — oo — ooo —

The *longest* day I see will haue his *euening*,

o — o — o — oo — o — ooo —

*Hoo.* But see old *Linely*; stand close and obserue.

*Lin.* O! now the wisht for *minute* does approach  
Which I so long haue wayted for, and not I  
Alone—but let them now enjoy their wishes.

o — o — oo — ooo —

I feele my heart-strings crack, and the whole lump  
*Groanes* for a speedy *dissolution*.

*Ho.* How's this? but yesterday he was in's *sacke*,  
Told me he hop'd to liue to eate a *Goose*  
Which graz'd upon my *grane*: so suddenly?

*Lin.* Haue I no friends about me? must I goe  
Out of the world in private thus? from home?  
Without one friend to take his leaue of me?  
Kind *Iustice Hooke*, O that good man *Mr. Hooke*.

*Hoo.* Peace, not a word: what does he name me for?

*Line.* Would thou wast here, but to participate  
Of my last dying breath, I would pronounce thee  
Mine *heyre in totall*.

*Hoo.* Beare witnesse Gentlemen —  
Good *Mr. Linely*, 'lasse how fares it with you?

*Line.* Whoe's that names me?

*Hoo.* He whom you ask'd for,  
*Sacrededge Hooke*.

*Line.* *Sacrededge Hooke's* mine heyre,  
And so farewell thou, false and flattering world.

*he fals down  
as if he were  
dead.*

*Arth.* Alasse hee's dead.

*Ho.* Peace, not so lowd for feare you call him back.  
Yee all can beare me record I'me his heyre.

*All.* Wee can.

*The Rivall Friends.*

*Hoo.* Why *Robert, Oliver*,  
Runne to the Church immediately, and cause  
The bell bee told with speed: old *Mr. Linely*  
Is newly dead—Alas, I can but weepe  
To view this spectacle of mortalitie,  
And I haue cause to spend some teares for him— ha ha he.

*Arth.* I doubt he is not fully dead yet Patron,  
Shall I make sure work with him? giue him a knock?

*Hoo.* Offer no violence vnto the dead  
I charge you, 'tis as bad as *sacriledge*,  
Which I haue alwayes hated.

*Line.* So has the *Deuill*.

*Gan.* Sweet *Mistris Vrsely*.

*Zeal.* Fairest Lady.

*Temp.* Stay,  
No haste good sir.

*Arth.* But by your leaue sweet sir.

*Hu.* Tis I haue right unto her, shee's a creature,  
And you are one o'th *wicked*.

*Stutch.* Out thou rascall that liv'st upon thy *rayling*;  
Good *Mistris Vrsely*, — *They all lay hold*  
I haue a share therein. *on her.*

*M<sup>r</sup>. Vrsely.* VVhy father, father,  
O me, me, me, they'll pull mee into pieces;  
O my hand, O my arme, my arme, O my backe.

*Line.* Ha, ha, he.

*Hoo.* Forbear this rudenesse gentlemen, my daughter  
Shall haue her choyce; these are not wayes to gaine her,  
They must bee gentle, soft behaviours  
That winne a woman, not such *boysterous Rhetoricke*, —  
But harke, the bell doth toll: I'll presently  
Goe seize upon his *goods and chattell*, *Lin.* Ha? *he rises.*  
And will you so? but I doe know a trick  
VVorth twenty of that. — I pray good *Mr. Hooke*,  
VVhom toll's this bell for?

*Hoo.* Oh! for my hopes,  
VVhat does hee liue againe?

*Lin.* And liues to laugh at thee, and at thy basenesse,  
Covetous wretch. Ha, ha, he.

Sir, as I take it I may change my will. Ha, ha, he.

*Hoo.* Oh.

*The Rivall Friends.*

*Hoo.* Oh what a knave is this? a ranke old knave?  
A stinking knave? a knave in graine? fie, fie,  
That I should thus bee gulld? follow me daughter,  
And you Gentlemen.

*Line.* Ha, ha, ha, Away you Ravens,  
Ele make yee all goe barefoot yee young villaines.  
*He beats them in with his staffe.*

ACT. 2. SCEN. 4.

*Linely solus.*

But let mee now muster my wits together  
Call all my fancies into ranke, and place  
Each severall quirke of this my working braine  
In its true file. — 'Tis an unheard of loue,  
A miracle of Friendship this, for two young men,  
In th' exaltation of their bloods, both Rivals  
In such a beantie, for to plot and sweat  
How to be miserable, that's how to place  
His friend in the fruition of his Loue;  
'Tis not within the compasse of a faith.  
This morning each of them entreated me  
In private, that I would invent some way  
To winne the whole affection of Pandora  
Not for himselfe, but for his friend: which is  
(Though in another *Idiome*) as if  
They should haue said, get me a comely rope  
My Bully *Linely*, and hang me up, or else  
Provide mee an ounce or two of *Mercury*,  
Which I will take in posset drinke and dye.  
But *Lucius* is the man whom I desire  
To pleasure most, therefore I now haue counsaile  
*Neander* for to counterfeit a wedding,  
Which being fancied true by *Lucius*  
And the indifferent Gentlewoman, might cause  
A speedy marriage 'twixt his friend and her.  
This does he swallow, and now there nothing wants  
But — ha? what's here to doe? what Boy is this  
That *Stipes* thus dragges after him?



*The Rivall Friends.*

ACT. 2. SCENE. 5.

*Lively, Stipes, Constantina, Merda.*

*Sti.* Why quickly *Merda*, bring me a chaire out quickly. —  
O O you villaine. — Why when? — So, so, go to, go to,  
Tarry you still my daughter,  
That you may heare some of your Fathers wisedome. —  
Come on you *Crack-rope*, what is your businesse, pray you,  
To lurke thus in my Masters grounds? you are  
A scout? one that discovers are you not?

*Line.* It is a pretty *Lad*, and being drest  
May easilie passe for *Woman*. Well Ile marke

*Sti.* O you're a *stubborne gallows*, you will answere?

*Con.* O mee vnfortunate; what shall I say?

*Sti.* Heigh!

An ill yeere on you, you great *Maukin* you, *Merda plays*  
Making of *Puppets*? one of your *age* and *breeding*? *with babes*  
You haue an *Husband* Minion? you a *rodde*. — *clouts.*  
But to returne againe vnto the purpose,

Where dwell you *sirrah*? will you not answere me?

Come on your wayes, I'le haue you to my Master. —

*Con.* Vnhappy wretch! what shall I answere him?  
Nay good Sir stay, I'le tell you: oh how I tremble —

*Sti.* Then quickly *Sirrah*.

*Con.* Lest this robustious Clowne  
Should hale me fore my Vncle in this habit.

*Sti.* What's that you mutter on? you haue a trick  
To say your prayers backwards? haue you not?

*Line.* This *Lad* is mine, I'le take him from the *Sheepheard*.

*Con.* Not farre from hence I had both friends and parents.  
(Howsoeuer now I want) but cruell *Fates*  
Haue enuied them their liues, and me my friends.

*Line.* It shall be so, I'le make a contract straight  
Betwixt *Neander* and this Boy. Now *Stipes*,  
God saue you.

*Sti.* *Salve Domine*. But why put you your *Sickle*  
Into my *Haruest* thus? go to, go to,  
You're troublesome — well *Sirrah*.

*Line.* Well *Sirrah*? Slaue,  
Thou *vnpollish'd* piece of *clay*, how dar'st thou thus

Vnciuilly

*The Rivall Friends.*

Vncivilly vse a young Gentleman  
Whose friends and kindred I haue knowne to bee  
VVorthy of more respect then thou of scorne,  
VVhich both come neare to infinite? *Sti.* Very good.  
And doe you know his friends and kindred then?

*Line.* VVould thou didst know thy *betters* halfe so well,  
*Vntutourd dunghill.* — In what state you sit? *He ouerthrowes*  
Stand vp, or else Ile make thee lye for euer. *Stipes, chaire & al.*

*Sti.* Are you in earnest or in jest? *Line.* How thinke you?

*Stip.* You great *Rigs-norton* you, doe you stand still *Hee*  
And see your *onely Father* wrong'd thus? ha? — *strikes her.*

VVell, if I doe not fit your cap for this  
(If it be made of wooll) when you tithe Lambes,  
I'le neuer goe to *Church* more, if th'whole flocke  
Has any worse then other t'shall goe hard  
But some of them shall fall vnto your lot.

*Con.* Alasse I doubt he knowes me  
His eyes so dwell vpon me. *Line.* Come my boy,  
VVhat will you goe with me? *Con.* Thankes to my starres;  
He knowes me not. *Stip.* Boy will you dwell with mee?  
Thou shalt haue dumpling Boy, enough, and Bacon  
Shall be so deepe in fatt, that thou maist wade  
Vp to the chinne in lard: Salute your Master.

*Mer.* And kisse your masters daughter that's the next  
Thing you must practise. *Line.* You his Master, *Hempseed?*

*Mer.* Truely me thinkes I could e'ne loue this Boy

\*Tis such a *pretty thing*; Father, I pray you  
Good Father, let him dwell with vs. *Sti.* No more,  
Peace, so he shall. *Line.* Hands off you lease of *Sheepe-skinnes.*

*Con.* No, I will dwell with this old Gentleman.

*Line.* Well said, sweet youth. *Con.* But on this condition,  
That you will use me like a Gentleman  
Of *qualitie* and *worth*, for I must tell you  
With teares, how e're my fortunes are dejected  
Now, I doe come of no meane house nor blood.

*Line.* Feare not my boy, thou shalt haue cause to thanke me:  
Follow; my maids shall presently vnpage him,  
And hang woman on his backe. *Con.* But I doe hope *aside*  
That some kind *God* or other will find out  
Some meanes for my escape; if not (I'ue sayd it)

*The Rivall Friends.*

This hand shall make a passage for my soule  
To leaue this body. *Line.* Boy, doe you come? *Con.* I come.

*Exeunt Liuely and Constan.*

*Merda plays*

*Sti.* VVhat is he gone? — hi-day! what againe? *with babies*  
Let me be hang'd, my *dogge* and my whole *Familie*, *clonts*  
My *Wife* and all, Ile put her in, if I *againc.*

Doe not so *'sist* your buttockes Minion;  
Ile breake you of this trade of *making children*  
Before your *time*, if I can find a *willow*

VVithin a mile of an *Oake.*

*Exit*

*Mer.* VVhat shall I do? oh what shall I do? what shall I do?  
My father's gone to get a rod, what shall I doe?  
Oh, oh, here comes my mother. —

A C T. 2. S C E. 6.

*Pandora, Placenta, Merda.*

*Pan.* *Placenta*, you haue heard my cares, my griefes  
And which hath caus'd them all, you know my loue,  
Now by those tender yeeres, by that first raye  
Of blessed light these infant eyes receiu'd  
Vpon those vigilant knees, I doe conjure thee  
For sake me not in these my miseries

*Mer.* Mother, Mother, Mother, what shall I doe?

*Pla.* What newes with you, you *sayrie brat*? you *changeling*?  
Daughter to Madam *Pusse* the kitchin mayd,  
Take that and get you in, or Ile — *She beats her.*

*Mer.* Vm vm, vm. *Pla.* Will you not stirre?  
Carry that chaire in with you *Milderkin.* *Exit Merda.*

*Pla.* What would you haue me do? *Pan.* Y'auc heard my sick-  
Tis the *physician* must prescribe the *medicine* *(nesse,*

And not the *patient.* *Pla.* Will it suffice  
If ere the Sunne does set you doe embrace  
One of your Lovers? *Pan.* By all my vowes it will;  
Nor am I much solicitous in the *choyce*,  
So I haue *one.* *Pla.* But I must haue your helpe,  
You must not meereely be a patient  
In this same plot; can you dissemble thinke you?

*Pan.* I am a woman, and may learne in time.

*Pla.* Well

*The Riual Friends.*

*Pla.* Well then 'tis thus : you see your *pampered Louers*  
(Like two fat Oxen in a Stall) stand *blowing*  
Vpon their meat, are nice forsooth, and squeamish,  
Will not fall to, because they're cloyd with *dainties*,  
The onely way for to procure them stomachs,  
Is to withdraw their *fodder* ; take your loue  
Before their eyes, and giue it to another,  
Or seeme to doe at least, 'twill fetch them back ;  
And make them lick their lips at you, scratch for you :  
I know not by what Fate, but true it is,  
Wee neuer prize ought right till the departure,  
And then our longing's multiplied. Can you sayne  
A loue vnto some other Gentleman ?  
And seeme quite to neglect them and their seruice ?

*Pan.* I feare I cannot, 'tis too hard a *Prouince* :  
But what will this aduantage me I pray you ?

*Pla.* So much, as nothing you can doe, will more.  
A Louer's like a *Hunter*, if the *game*  
Be got with too much *ease* hee cares not for't ;  
Shee that is *wise* in this our *wayward* age  
Will keepe her Louers *sharpe*, make them to ceize  
Vpon a *firebrand* for meat. — What say you ?

*Pan.* Why I will try I say. *Pla.* Try ? Oh that I  
Had but that *beauty* in my *managing*,  
In-faith I would not part with a *good looke*  
Vnder a *brace* of *Tons*. *Pan.* Indeepe *Placenta*  
As you are now, you'd neede to sell them deare,  
It is a *rare* commodity, your Shop  
Affords not many of them. *Pla.* For a *kisse*  
I'de haue a *Lordship* ; a whole *Patrimony*  
For a *nights lodging* ; Come, you *Maydens* now  
Are grown too *kinde*, too *ease* in your fauours,  
A few *smooth*, *oyly*, verses now adayes  
Bought of some *Poet*, and so iustly call'd  
The *Gallants owne* that sends them, where your *tresses*  
Are termed *Sunbeames*, and your *rubie* lips  
*Congeated Nectar*, haue more power to winne you,  
Then in my dayes two *veluet* Petticoates,  
Or an hundred *acres* turn'd into *Taffaties*.  
Speake, can you doe it ? *Pan.* Sure I thinke I can,



*The Riual Friends.*

If need require. *Pla.* It is enough, but see,  
What *Stripping's* this comes here? Ha? 'tis most happily  
This is *Enaymion Lucius* his Page.

ACT. 2. SCE. 7.

*Endymion. Placenta. Pandora.*

*Endy.* There's not a solitary walke, nor Groue  
Wherein a Louer may retire himselfe  
Free from the eyes of the prophaner people,  
But I haue trauers'd o're to finde my *Master*;  
I haue not left a Spring *unquestioned*,  
Or any spreading Oake, whole quauering toppe  
Is but halfe *Phœbus* proofe, nor can I heare  
Ought of *Neander* his companion.

*Pla. Pandora,* this same Boy was sent on purpose  
Vnto this place by some kinde *Nymph* or other  
Inhabiting these Woods in meere compassion  
Of thee and of thy miseries; wee could not  
Haue studied for a better Stale then this:  
Prepare your selfe to saine a loue vnto him.

*Endym.* But see *Placenta*, and my *Masters* Loue,  
I will enquire of them. *Pla. Endymion*  
All happinesse. *Endy.* As much to you *Placenta*.

*Pan.* And what to me? *Endy.* What you deserue faire *Lady*,  
Which is aboue my wishes. *Pla.* But *Endymion*,  
Pr' thee sweet Lad, let mee entreat a courtesie,  
What Country-man are you? *Endy.* What Country-man?  
An *English man* I take it. *Pla.* An *English man*?

I rather thinke thou art a *Russian*  
Thou carryest such a *Winter* in thy breast.  
How canst thou suffer such a *winning* beauty  
To stand neglected? without a salutation?  
Goe to, you shame-fac'd foole, goe kisse her, goe.

*Endy.* How kisse her? it does not become a seruant  
To be so sawcie with his *Masters* Loue.

*Pan.* It rather not becomes *Endymion*,  
A Youth of that same *molds* and *symetry*  
To be so bashfull'fore a Gentlewoman:  
As for thy *Master* I disclaime his loue  
As one vnworthy. *Endy.* How? disclaime his loue?

*Pan.*

*The Riual Friends.*

*Pan.* And with his loue, all the whole world of men,  
Except 'be thee *my soule*: why flyest thou mee?

*Pla.* Come on, Come on you little frozen-nothing,  
I think wee must be fayne to make you take  
Your *loue portion* in a *horne*, you are so skittish.

*Endy.* Nay but *Placenta*,—

*Placenta* holds his hands

*Pan.* O most redolent!

whiles *Pandora* kisses him.

*Aurora's* spiced bed is not more sweet,  
Nor all the odours of the early *East*.

*Endy.* You do but mock me. *Pan.* How? but mock thee sweet?  
By all the *Cupids* in thy face, I loue thee  
Beyond th'expression of a womans tongue.

*Pla.* This was that *simple one* that could not counterfeit.

*Pan.* By this same *nest* of kisses I protest—  
What would'st thou more? *Endy.* More of your protestations.

*Pan.* But canst thou loue me then? *Endy.* Indeed faire Lady  
I doe not know, I am but newly enter'd  
Into this louing trade. *Pla.* You are a *Wagge*:  
Take her by th'hand and streine it gently, so.—  
Now kisse her *fanne* and *sigh*.— Good, excellent.  
(Well I haue seene some Gallants in my dayes,  
Though 'twas my fortune to be married,  
To that same *lob* my husband, but no matter; )  
Fy on this *modesty*, 'tis out of *fashion*,  
Giue her a greene gowne quickly, shee will thanke you.

*Endy.* Will not as much *sattin* of the same colour  
To make her one doe as well? *Pla.* Come, you'r a foole;  
Downe with her, shee will discard you else,  
As bashfull, and vnfit for *Ladies* seruice.— [*Pandora* slips downe  
and pulls him after her.]

*Pan.* Ay me! what meane you Sir? *Pla.* Why there, why so;—  
Oh for *Neander* now and *Lucius*  
To view this *spectacle*, this would crack that great  
That strong and mighty bond of friendship, and  
Make them both quarrell for her: nay *Endymion*,  
As shee did pluck you downe, so 'tis your office  
To take her vp, else shee'l forget her selfe  
Good soule, and slumber there eternally.—

*Pan.* Now fie vpon you Sir, you've spoyl'd my linnen.  
Pray Heauens no body saw vs: good *Placenta*  
Reedifie what is amisse. *Pla.* All's well,

*The Riuall Friends.*

All's well, saue onely here does want a pin.

But stay I'll furnish you. ———

Yes, here's a knot molested too. ——— *Pan.* Faire Sir,

This may seeme *lightnesse* in mee. *Pla.* Rather *gravity*

Who naturally tend *downeward* thus. *Pan.* But Sir,

Let me entreat you for to entertaine

A better faith of her that is your seruant,

Giue it the *right* name Sir, and call it *Loue*.

*Endy.* I'll call it what you please faire Gentlewoman.

*Pla.* Hee neuer thinks of's Master : well this Boy,

Must wee trayne farther with vs till wee meete

With our two *icy* Louers. Come *Pandora*

Will you entreate your fayrest *Taramoure*

T'accompany vs into the Groue? vvee may

Perchance there meete his Master, whom hee seekes.

*Pan.* Sweet shall I craue? *Endy.* Not where you may comānd

*Pla.* So, so, I'll now go plant this *billiug couple* *Exeunt Pan.*

Vnder some pleasant tree, which done I'll goe *Endym.*

And range the fields for *Lucius* and *Neander*,

And bring them to behold their close embraces,

This certainly will make them hungry, and bite,

Waken their dull and sleepey appetite,

Vvee neuer prize ought truly, thinke it deare,

Vntill the time of parting does draw neare. ——— *Exit.*

*Finis. Actus Secundi.*

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The Song.

To the Ladies, Ioy, delight,

And a seruant that dares fight;

No neede of painting, but a face

With perpetuity of grace.

To the Lords a gracious eye

If they haue a Mistress by.

To them both, more then all this,

Theyr Princes happinesse, and blisse.

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ACT. 3. SCEN. I.

*Anteros. M. Mungrell. Hammerstin. Loueall.*

*Ant.* The day's our owne, we haue the Sun, the winde,  
And all that can be call'd aduantages, beare vp.

*The Rival Friends.*

*Mung.* As I'm a Gentleman, and an elder Brother —

*Ante.* Sir, not a word.

*Mung.* You wrong me Sir, I will swear out my swear, as I am a Gentleman I must, and will swear.

*Ant.* Nay sweete Master *Mungrell*  
Mistake me not, I doe not goe about,  
For to depriue you of that ornament,  
That fashionable quality : I but entreat you,  
For to bee frugal in your language, and,  
To husband your *lungs*; you haue an enemy  
That will require them all, had you more oathes.

*Mung.* How? Doe you thinke I haue no more? by my —

*Ante.* Oh, hold, hold, hold.

*Mung.* Nay, you shall heare mee, by —

*Ante.* stops  
his mouth.

*Ante.* O, O, O.

*Mung.* By my — by — my indad law.

*Ante.* By my indad law, you'le spoyle all, why you'le spend  
all before the time. But see your aduersaries are at hand.  
This is their *Captaine*, their *Conductor*. *Loue*. Stay. *Enter Loueall*.  
I'ue hit the very *punto*, this same minute, and puts out his  
Do's cut the hower into two equall portions. *Watch*.

*Ant.* You that are growne a Time-observer, you  
With that fine *pocket Saturne* in your hand;  
Looke this way. *Lou.* But are these your *Champions*?

*Ant.* They are my *Conquerours*, if you please: but where  
are your imployments?

*Lou.* They'le bee here immediately.

*Ant.* No more. *Loueall*, please you to take notice  
Of these Gentlemen, they are of *ranke*, and my friends.

*Lou.* Sweete Sir, my only wish is that my fortunes were but  
of growth, to shew in what degree of honour, I hold any  
whom you shall vouchsafe to call a friend. — I thirst to know  
you Sir. *Ant.* Doe not sweare yet. *Mun.* Why so?

*Ant.* Nay as you please. *Mun.* Sir I desire you to pardon  
me, I must not sweare yet, my *Generall* will giue the word when  
I must vent.

*Ante.* 'Tis no great matter, if you throw away *Cudnigt*,  
Or *be/wiggers*, or some such innocent oath vpon him.

*Mung.* Say you so? [*The Scholler offers to salute Loueall*  
*Ham.* When will he come towards me? *who regards him not*]



*The Rival Friends.*

*Lon.* Sir may I know your name? *Mung.* My name Sir? why Sir? I am not ashamed of my name Sir. My name is Sir M. *Mung.* Sir. A poore elder brother Sir. And yet not very poore neither Sir. Heire to six, or seven hundred a yeare Sir. My father is a Gentleman Sir. I have an *Uncle* that is a *Iustice of Peace* Sir. I can borrow his white Mare when I please Sir. She stood him in thirty peeces Sir.

*Lon.* A Mungrell Sir? *Ans.* Only be sure you be not dash'd.

*Lon.* Ashamed of your name, say you? You come of a very great house, I'll assure you; I know many of the *Mungrels* that are able to dispend, yeerely, more then I am willing to speake of at this time; and which keepe their Sonnes as Gentlemanlike, at the Innes o'th Court wi. has good cloathes on their backs, as rich belts, and as faire guilt rapiers, as the best Gentlemen o'the Land Sir—— O well said, come list vp brauely now.

ACT. 3. SCENE 2.

*Anter.* Noddle-Empty. *Lon.* Will Wiseacres.

*Hammershin.* Mr. Mungrell.

*Anter.* Tis a hundred to nothing, but these are they, looke to your standing, and be sure you suffer him to offer first; you have the more advantage.

*Nodd.* Let me alone, if I doe not vtterly confound him, let mee neuer weare good suite of clothes more, I have not read the *Arcadia* for nothing. *Lon.* Anteros, a couple of friends of mine.

*Ante.* Sir I shall count my selfe fortunate in their acquaintance; Sweete Sir—— worthy Sir. *Nodd.* Sans complement *Monsieur, je suis, vostre tres humble varlet.*

*Lon.* There's one of his parcels gone, he has but three more in all the world.

*Ant.* Signior mio molto honorifico, per testa del mio padre, io non ho altro, ad vffirirvi, che me stesso, però fate capitale di me, è splendetemi per quel chio vaglio.

*Nod.* Do's he speake French Sir? *Lon.* How thinke you Sir?

*Noddle.* Nay but well I meane? *Lon.* O admirably, take heed what you doe, hee's a great Trauailer I tell you.

*Noddle.* Gods mee! is he so? I'll not meddle with him then. I would haue tickled him else. *Ante.* Signior, io mi terrei ricco s' io facessi solamente le decime de i vostri favori.

*Nod.* Nay Sir I am not so well skilled in the language, as I could

*The Rivall Friends.*

could wish I were, for your sake, I can speake a little Sir, *Un peu, Monsieur, tellement quellement.*

*Ante.* May I be so bold as to heare your name Sir?

*Nod.* My name is *Nodale Empty* Sir.

*Ant.* An Inns 'othe Court man Sir?

*Nodd.* I haue pist in some *greene pots* in my dayes Sir.

*Will. Wis.* My name is *William Wiscacres* Sir. I am of a *Sanguine complexion.*

*Ante.* In good time Sir.

*Wise.* Very *melancholy* sometimes Sir. } *He offers to feele him*

*Ante.* Like enough Sir

} *by the nose end.*

*Wise.* Ha, he, he, he——

*Loue.* Ha, ha, ha, he,—— O my sides——

*Ant.* Gods my life! I should loose it all were my patrimony layd on't. Come on Sir, brace me your inuention to the height, you see your Antagonist.

*Loue.* To him, ferret him, ferret him.

*Nodd.* Noble Sir may I bee so ambitious, as to desire my name, to be enrolled in the Catalogue of your well wishers.

*Ham.* I doe honour the very shadow of your shoe strings.

*Loue.* Your mock'd Sir, hee weares bootes.

*Ham.* And am wholly your's *cap a pea.*

*Noddle.* Pox on't, I made full account, to haue had that next my selfe, how came hee by it trow?

*Ham.* What say you Sir?

*Noddle.* I say Sir, that it is your best course, to take heede how you make a deed of guift of your selfe, for feare some of your friends suffer for it, for the *Physnomy* of your boor, tels mee, it was neuer made for you, I doe not thinke but you borrowed them.

*Ham.* And I say Sir, that it is better to borrow then to take vpon trust, and neuer pay, as many such gallants as you doe.

*Ante.* *Loueall*, this heat is done, let's rub, and walke.

*Loue.* Agreed, Master *Empty*, take some pittie on the Scholler, let him breath a little, wilt please you walke? [*Louell & Nod*

*Nod.* I am your Seruant.

[*walke. Ant. and Ham. Walke.*

*Ant.* Well done, 'twas smartly followed; but lets walke;

*Wise.* Ha, I don't thinke ne're goe Law, but I haue scene you some where.

*Ant.* You're beholding to your eyes for that.

*The Rinnall Friends.*

*Mun.* It may be so.

*Ant.* Loueall, looke, looke, looke, another heate.

*Wife.* Don't you vse sometimes about *Stamford* side?

*Mun.* Yes Sir, I haue hunted, and hawked, thereabouts Sir in my dayes, and beene in *Sara's hole* too Sir, I was at the last horse race, Sir, when *Velvet-heeles*, and *Currants* run Sir, I haue some reason to remember it, I am sure, I was cheated of twenty peeces there, Ile sweare vnto you Sir as I'me a Gentleman, and an elder Brother, I'me a very foole——

*Lon.* Out you *Nullsidian*, don't let the Gentleman sweare, tak't vpon his bare word.

*Wife.* Nay Sir, I'le belieue you without swearing.

*Mun.* Nay but conceiue me Sir. I was a very foole (as I said before) to bee drawne in after that manner, I would faine see the best cheater of them all, gull me of so much now.

*Wife.* Well sir, I desire your better acquaintance. I haue the best wine in Towne for you, please you to accept.

*Mun.* Thanke you sir.

[*They shake hands, he feels him by the nose end.*]

*Wife.* I think you & I are much vpon a complexion. He, he, he, you haue lost your mayden-head. If it please you Sir to come to my lodging Sir, when you come to *London*, I shall thinke my selfe very much bound to you, I haue some pretty bookes there to lend you, I haue *Aristotle's Problemes in English*, and *Albertus magnus de secretis*, I, as I am a liuing soule.

*Lon.* Let's take 'em off. [*They part, Lon. waikes with Wife. Ant. with Mun.*]

*Nod.* Troth Sir you haue a very neat suit there, I am much taken with the proportion of your hose, 'tis a deepe French Sir. I haue a Sattin suit to make shortly, and I would bestow, some twenty dozen of gold lace vpon it, if I could but purchase the knowledge of such a Taylour as your's, I should thinke my selfe beholding to my *Starrs* for it.

*Ant.* O your walking faculty, it is the only thing, now adayes your Gentlemen practise.

*Ham.* Indeed Sir, I thinke it bee time for you to seeke out for a new one, for I thinke your old one will trust you no longer.

*Ant.* Should you but see them walke in *Paules*, or in the *Temple*, with what a rauishing garbe——you would admire.

*Wife.*



*The Rivall Friends.*

*Wife.* He, he, you are such a merry man, but indeed I hold that *Tobacco* is very good for *Phlegmatick* complexions.

*Ant.* Your hilt a little forwarder; very good, your very rapiers *speakes French*; I protest hee shoves in the gracefull carriage of his legges, as though he had been a man of *fourtie playes, fiftene montings.*

*Man.* Nay, I shall doe well in time.

*Nod.* Gods me! you haue stained your cloake fir, how will you doe? I doubt the Gentleman that lent you it will be angry.

*Ham.* Thinke you so fir?

*Ant.* Well, there's no remedy, I must goe and relieue my Scholler.—Sir, a word in private, do you know that gentleman?

*Nod.* Yes fir, I haue read *Overburies Characters*; he is a *silly fellow in blacke*, I take it.

*Ant.* Well fir, how ever you dis-esteem him, I could wish you would take heed of him; I wonder hee did not strike you all this while. Go to, I say no more, I hold him to be the stoutest man of his hands in all this side o'th countrey.

*Nodd.* Is he so?

*Ant.* Why he is sent for far and neere by the *valiant of the Parishes*, to play matches at football: I tell you hee is the onely *Hammerstin* this Shire can boast of; not a *Servingman* can keep a legge or an arme whole for him, he ha's a *pension* from all the *Surgeons* within the compasse of fortie miles, for breaking of bones.

*Nod.* Nay for my part fir, let him be as tall a man as he will, I doe not care a pin for him, (doe you see) for I doe not meane to quarrell with him, onely I make account to jeere him a little.

*Ant.* Well, take heed, say I.

*Nod.* Nay fir, I'll take your counsell, I'll go and fetch my rapier I left within, and then let him doe his worst. *Ex. Nod.*

*Ant.* Follow him, follow him, the *exalted mushroome*—a whorson butterflie, he ha's nothing to jeere you for but your borrowed cloake and bootes; and I don't thinke but they bee your owne for all his talking.

*Ham.* No indeed, to tell you the truth, I borrowed them of a *Batchelour* of our house, mine owne lye in *limbo* at a Barbers shop for *Tobacco*.

*Ant.* But why dost not beat him man? Gods me! beat him.

*Ham.* Nay, I would haue bin at him, but that I was afraid—  
G they



*The Rivall Friends.*

They say many of 'em are very desperate fellowes.

*Ant.* Faith, to doe them right, there be many of 'um that haue run through the *discipline of a Bawdy-house*, & learnt to quarrell there, and haue seene the entrailles of a *Fence-schoole* too, and in one word are sufficiently valiant; but that proues not a generalitie. There are of them (I'll warrant you) as there are of your *schollers*, some that weare swords, only to *scare fooles*.

*Ham.* Nay sir, I would haue you to know, that I am neither afraid of him, nor his sword: but I would not willingly die yet, if I could helpe it.

*Ant.* Fear't not man, thou shalt liue I warrant thee, to see thy good name buried before thee. Haue you nothing about you to strike him with?

*Ham.* Yes, I haue the key of my *study dore* in my pocket.

*Ant.* O nothing better then that, follow him, to him, to him.

*Ham.* Shall I, I faith? shall I?

*Ant.* Never stand, shall I? shall I? but doe't.

*Ham.* Ne're goe, and so I will: Ile teach him to abuse any of our *cloath* againe.

*Exit Ham.*

*Ant.* St, Mr *Mungrell*.

*He whispers him.*

*Mun.* As I'm a Gentleman, and an elder brother —

*He runs after them offering to draw.*

*Loue.* But how now *Anteros*? what businesse is this?

*Ant.* Can you but hold your peace, and follow them. With your sweet *William*? nay, but will you goe? *Ex. Loue. & William.*

ACTVS 3. SCENA 3.

*Anter. Endym. Pandora, Placentia.*

*Anter.* O, O. —

Would I could loose my selfe, become a *Mouse*,  
Or *flie*, that I might find a *cabbin* here,  
To hide my selfe from these same women. O, — *He climbs the tree.*  
But I will climbe this tree —

*Pla.* I wonder much

Where our two *loving friends* should lye so close;  
There's not a place where they doe use, but wee  
Haue visited this morning. I doe long  
To giue them this most pleasing spectacle:  
But I will now search the Iustice his house,

Perchance

*The Rivall Friends.*

Perchance they may bethere. *Pan. Endymion, Exit Pla.*  
 Another kisse; loe *thus* I will revenge *She kisses Endym.*  
 My selfe on those *two* frozen Lovers; *thus*,  
 And *thus*, and *thus* — *Revenge, how sweet thou art*  
 Vnto a woman! *Ant. O — I am afraid*  
 They will offend, commit, commit before mee.

*Pan. And canst thou loue me, sweet Endymion?*

*End. Behold a tast what I can doe. Pan. These kisses He*  
*Haue not that masculine relish yet me thinks, kisses her.*  
 Which I enjoy'd in the *manly* embraces *Redit in scenã Pla.*  
 Of *Lacius*, or *Neander*. *Plac. It is strange,*  
 Not one about this house that can instruct mee  
 What should become of them, I wonder at it;  
 But I am glad that *Constantina's* flight  
 Is not suspected yet, so well that *Boy*  
 Doe's personate her. *Pand. Are they not there Placenta?*

*Pla. St; No. O yes your Vncle is at home.*  
 It will not yet bee dinner time this houre;  
 You may embrace another walke. *Pand. Content;*  
*Endymion, wil't please you t' accompany us? Exeunt.*

ACT. 3. SCEN. 4.

*Anteros, Hooke, Mistris Vrsely.*

*Ant. Why so then — What againe?*

*Hoo. You'l leaue your blubbering, Minion, come your waies.*  
 You set your minde on such a man? yet more?  
 You might as well bee in loue with that same *Sunne*,  
 And should as soone enjoy it. *Ant. He speakes high,*  
 Pray heavens hee does not looke so high, for feare  
 He should descrie me. *Vrse. Father, I cannot last*  
 Out two dayes longer without *Anteros*.

*Ant. How's that? now all my starres be mercifull!*  
 It is a *vision* sure, this cannot bee.

*Hoo. Come, you'r a foolish girle, he marry you?*  
 That day that hee does marry you, will I  
 Bring backe to life all that were dead before  
 The *universall Deluge*. *Ant. Nay, Ile helpe*  
 You with a farre better expression, fir,

*The Rivall Friends.*

That day that hee does marry her, shall you  
Become an *honest man*; a harder *Province*  
Then to bring all the *dead*, to *life againe*.

*Hoo*. There are a hundred reasons (daughter) why  
You should not hope it, first hee hates all women,  
Next if he did not, you that are *deform'd*,  
*Eame*, and *mishapen*, *blacke*, besides, *ill manner'd*. —

(*Ant*. Hee does not see the *wallet* on her back.)  
Haue the left cause to hope. *Vrs*. But there are (father)  
Sixe hundred reasons, why I should loue him.  
His *manly carriage*, his *full breasts*, his *hayre*,  
And his *fine cloathes*, his *golden breeches*, and —

*Ant*. His *traiterous nose*: I, I, 'tis that I know,  
'Tis like the *Ivy-bush* vnto a *Tauerno*,  
Which tells vs there is *Wine* within; but I  
Will take an order with you Sir e're long,  
And haue you *par'd*. *Vrs*. Well I will neuer leaue  
My crying (that's resolu'd) vntill I see him.

*Ant*. O! Could I commit a crime e're I was made,  
'Gainst *nature* worthy *such a punishment*?  
It is decreed, I will *unman* my selfe, immediately.

*Hoo*. What shall I doe? tis strange —  
Well, 't must be so: I will goe seeke *Terpander*,  
And mooue him to this match: most of his *lands*  
I haue in *mortgage*, nay indeed they are  
*Forfeited* to me, for the day is past  
Wherein hee was bound to pay in the money,  
The' advantage of this forfeiture, will I  
Threaten to take, vnlesse hee does compell,  
His sonne to take my daughter, to his wife.  
Nay, rather then I will bee disappointed,  
Hee for a *portion*, shall haue in his *bonds*,  
Come daughter, bee of comfort, wee will goe  
Directly to *Terpander*, where I'll vse  
Such arguments, as shall enforce him make  
His sonne both loue, and marry you.

*Exeunt*.

*Ant*. Like enough.  
'Tis very likely Sir, but that this tree  
Does not afford any *such fruit*, I'd throw  
An *old shoe* after you, — *such arguments*.

*He comes downe.*



*The Rivall Friends.*

As shall enforce him make his sonne, both loue,  
And marry you—well how his *pills* may worke  
Which the *old man*, I know not : for my selfe  
I will provide a quicke deliuerance.

VVhy sheepeheard? *Stipes*? [*tic toc* :] now I must, and will  
Goe forward in this plot, of my disguise.

A C T. 3. S C E. 5.

*Anteros. Loveall.*

*Love.* VVhat make you there? *Ant.* VVhy nothing *Iacke*.

*Love.* Come on, you are a fine fellow, to go and set them  
together by the eares thus, are you not?

*Ant.* But haue they done it finely?

*Love.* Finely doe you call it? why your Scholler ha's so  
mauld Mr. *Noddle* with the key of his study dore, made such a  
breach in his *Pericranium*, that without question all his *French*  
*ends* haue taken their flight, through that passage; as for my co-  
sen Mr. *William*, hee's crept into an old hole, behind the hang-  
ings, that in the dayes of old, h'as beene the *Asylum*, for decay-  
ed bootes, and shooes out of dare, and there lyes hee, all alone,  
very *melancholy*.

*Ant.* Ha, ha, he, but how was my *Gentleman*, and my elder  
brother imploy'd all this while?

*Love.* As Gentlemen vse now adayes, in *swearing*; when he  
saw that hee could not draw his sword, hee ran vp and downe  
the roome, and measured out the time of the *combat* with  
*oathes*.

*Ant.* Death! that I had but seene this.

*Love.* VVould thou had'st: for I haue e'ne taken a surfeit  
of them. I praythee let's inuent some way, or other  
For to bee rid of them, canst thou not thinke?

Thinke, thinke, man—— thinke—— which I'll effect, vnlesse  
All that is called *Fortune*, doth forsake mee.

See'st thou that brace of *Cabbins*, on each side

My *Vncle's* house? *Ante.* They'r *Dog-kennels* I take it.

*Lov.* They are, no more, but see they come, I'll slip,  
Aside lest I bee seene. *Ant.* I wonder what  
His brayne is now so hot in travaile with.



*The Rivall Friends.*

**A C T. 3. S C E. 6.**

*Ant. Love. Wife. Noddle Empty, with his head, and face all bloody.*

*Ant.* How now?

*Nod.* Lend mee your hankercher, if you haue one about you *Cosen*, mine ha's not a dry place in it.

*Ant.* What doe you bleede Mr. *Noddle*?

*Nod.* Yes Sir a little wild blood, hold that *Cosen*, *un peu Monsieur.*

*Ant.* Did not you tell mee, all his *French ends* were gone? *un peu* will not forsake him.

*Love.* Not a word.

*Nod.* A whorson cowardly slaue, to strike a man e're one was aware of him, and to giue one no time, to draw his rapier—

*Ant.* S'me, 'tis somewhat deepe I doubt.

*Nod.* Nothing by *Hercules* Sir, a scratch, a scratch, well I'll say nothing, but by this good blood, that runs——

*Ant.* Faith if you had done as that good blood does, Mr. *Noddle*, it had beene better for you.

*Nod.* No Sir, I scorne it, I am not of that straine i' faith, and that hee shall know, the *sempiternall* rascall.

*Ant.* Come on Mr. *Wiseacres*, I belieue you and your Kinsman are much of a complexion.

*Wife.* I am very melancholy at this time.

*Ant.* I but you must take heed of these fits, they'l spoyle you, I heard say, that you crept into a *private*, *retir'd* roome e'ne now, and there convers'd with *spiders* and *crickets*, fye vpon it, you must labour against that humour; but indeed me thinks your *Cosen* is of a very deepe sanguine.

*Wife.* Ha, he, you are such a witty man.

*Nod.* *Cosen*? Yes I am much beholding to my *Cosen*; I might haue beene kild for him.

*Ant.* Come, come, I like him well for it, the Gentleman does weigh how much the *Republ.* might bee impeached, by the losse of a man.

*Nod.* *Republiq*? *Repuddingpy*. By this light, a man is little better then mad, that will keepe company with such snow-heapes, such white-liverd, counterfied lackdawes—but all's one.

*Ant.* I, I betwixt friends, and kinsmen, ye two are all one I know. Your *Cosen* is very *cholerick* now.

*Wife.*

*The Rivall Friends.*

*Wife.* I but I am very seldome so, for *Albertus Magnus* saith — [Loveall as though he came from his Vncles.]

*Love.* Now the good Gods! where shall I find these most vnfortunate Gentlemen?

*Ant.* Why how now *Iacke*? what inauspicious wind Ha's ray'd this cloudy weather in thy face?

*Love.* O *Anteros*, wee are vndone, yndone;  
I'll haue this day weare black ith' *Calender*,  
That after ages may beware of it,  
It is so full of *Omen* —

*Ant.* Whats the matter? I pray thee speake.

*Love.* O they bee here, — who's there? } *Hee faines to*  
Pray heauens it bee not the Constables officious industry: how } *heare some bo-*  
will you doe Sir? You haue slaine the *Scholler*. } *dy comming.*

*Nodd.* I would I had else.

*Love.* Nay Sir, this is neither time nor place for such idle wishes, here ha's beene a *Surgeon* already, that liues hard by, and his sentence is, that hee cannot liue about two howers, hee fwounded six times since you left him, it seemes you bruised him so with falling on him, with the hilt of your rapier, that hee bleeds inward — I know not what to say to it — I was bewitch'd I thinke, nay thinke, thinke, thinke what course you will take, you must bee suddaine, the officers are sent for to apprehend you.

*Ant.* Is this in iest (I wonder) or in earnest?

*Nodd.* Is he so indeed? I pray you tell mee true Sir.

*Love.* Why, what doe you take mee to bee Sir? haue I this for my loue, and care of your safety? as you sowed, so reape for mee: I hope you will belieue your owne fences, I thinke I see the officers comming.

*Nodd.* 'Sme! what shall I doe? Mr. *Loveall*, nay good Sir, I doe belieue you, I know not which way to take.

*Love.* Nay there's no stirring that way, you'l meet them in the teeth.

*Nodd.* What if I goe through the backe dore, and take horse?

*Love.* They'l meet you that way too.

*Nod.* Any thing, good Sir, I beseech you, looke the dore goes, I protest twenty Serieants could not haue stricke such a feare into me. *Love.* Well, will you trust your fortunes into my hands?

*Nod.* And liues sweet Sir.

*Love.*

*The Rival Friends.*

*Loue.* Quickly then enter heere, I'le shut you in untill the search bee past: nay will you in? who's there? immediately, good Master *William*. *He shuts Nod into one of them.*

*Wife.* Nay sir, I'le go to my horse if there were twenty Constables, they haue nothing to doe with mee, for I am sure I did not strike a blow, no as *I'm a living soule*. —

*Loue.* Gods mee, what will you doe? were not you in the company with him? that makes you accessary; haue you read so much law, and know not that? nay, will you in? — Ha, ha, he.

*He puts him into the other.*

ACT. 3. SCEN. 7.

*Anteros, Loueall.*

*Loue.* What sai'st thou now my *Anteros*? *Ant.* What say I? I say thou art an arch-dissembler,  
A workman in the trade: By all that's good,  
I should haue been thus gull'd my selfe, thou didst  
So smoothly act it, with such passion,  
And anger at their incredulitie.  
I was afraid thou would'st haue beat the foole,  
Because he would not let himselfe be gull'd  
So soone as thou would'st haue him, but stay now —  
How shall we dresse our other brace? *Loue.* That province  
Is *yours*; as for mine owne, you see I haue  
Provided for them, and conveniently:  
Yet if you will embrace my counsell, write  
After the copie I haue set you, doe,  
Behold a patterne, and see (happily)  
A chest where *Stripes* in the dayes of old  
Ha's kept tame Conies, now uninhabited.

*Ant.* Right, but I feare, 'tis not capacious  
Enough for both. *Loue.* 'Tis nothing, looke you here,  
See you that fine spruce new erected hogstie  
On the other side of *Stripes* house? *Ant.* I doe.

*Loue.* And doe you see it may be pinn'd without?  
Hift, easily, softly, I'le fill up the time *They enter.*  
With some discourse, till you haue fram'd your count'nance.



*The Rivall Friends.*

ACT. 3. SCEN. 8.

*Love. Antro. Mr. Mung. Sir Hammer.*

*Ham.* Wud I might he're stirre Mr. *Mungrell*, if I care a pin for a hundred such, an Inns oth' Court man quoth a? nere goe, I thinke they learne nothing there, but how to swagger, and bee proud.

*Love.* Nay Sir, now I must chide you, will you accuse *all*, for the default of some *particulars*? by the same reason, I'll conclude, that all yee Schollers, are coxcombes, because I see one that is so.

*Ham.* Meaning mee Sir?

*Love.* Meaning you Sir? pardon mee 'tis meere iniustice in you, I'll assure you Sir, this whole realme, yeelds not *better qualified* Gentlemen, and more *gentilely parted*, then many of them are, and to whom, the *common weale* is more indebted.

*Ham.* Because hee has got a good suit of cloathes vpon his backe (I'll bee hang'd if they bee pay'd for yet) and a ring in's band string, to play withall when he wants discourse, he thinkes hee may carry the ball on's toe before him, and that no man must dare to meet him.

*Love.* No more Scholler, you haue met with him sufficiently, why *Anteros*, when? and here's a braue *Pylades* too, that would not see his *Orestes* oppress'd by multitude, [*Hee claps him on the backe.*]

*Mun.* Arrest mee Sir? soft, and easily Sir, more words to a bargaine; s'duds! I thinke my sword be mortit'd into a *snayle*, [*Hee flyes backe and offers to draw*] I cannot entreate him out of his *shell*. Arrest mee Sir? As I'm a *Gentleman*, and an elder brother, I owe no man a farthing that I meane to pay him. Nay come Sir, I am flesh'd now i' faith.

*Love.* You will not quarrell with your friends Sir, will you?

*Mun.* Friends Sir? I know not whether you be my friend, or no; I am sure you vse no friendly language.

*Love.* Pri'thee Scholler, taye off Mr. *Mungrell* a little, hee'l never leaue now hee has drawne blood once. *Ham.* Come, you'r a foole; the Gentleman's of worth, and our friend.

*Mung.* Nay I haue done now, I did but try how I could quarrell a little.

*Love.* Faith Sir, this would haue made a faire show in a *Country Ale-house*.



*The Rival Friends.*

*Mun.* Nay Sir, as soone as my father dyes, (which will not bee long I hope, for hee lyes sicke now) I'll goe to *Londern*, and learne to *quarrell* there, for a yeare or two, and then come downe againe, and practise amongst my *Tenants*.

*Love.* Why *Anteros*; pray thee relieue mee.

*Ant.* Sir, not a word, for a *million* of worlds. Haake your Scholler. [*Hee whispers with the Scholler.*]

*Mun.* I hope you are not angry?

*Love.* Angry old Bully? hee had a hard heart, that would be angry with thee.

*Ant.* 'Tis as I tell you, his wound ha's beene search'd by a very skillfull Surgeon, and his *Pleu* mater is found to be perished, and when that's gone, you know there is small hope.

*Ham.* None at all Sir, I've read it in *Magistrum*. Cozen *Mungrell*, come hither quickly —

*Love.* Now now, how greedily the Scholler sucks it in.

*Mun.* What's the matter? but is this true?

*Ant.* As true as you'r a *Gentleman*.

*Love.* Hee never emptyed a buttry pot after a match at footeball, with greater appetite, then hee devours this gullery.

*Ant.* Take heed what you doe, the least protraction is full of danger.

*Ham.* O the Lord! what will become of vs?

*Ant.* *Love* all stirre the doore a little — passion O mee! there's some body at the dore, looke, looke, creepe into this chest, I'll shut you in. [*He shuts up the Scholler.*]

*Ham.* Any where good Sir.

*Mun.* Where will you hide me sir? I'll goe into the chest too.

*Ham.* Here's hardly roome enough for my selfe.

*Ant.* Stay, stay, stay. In good sooth Mr. *Constable* here's no such men this way — what say you, you *three-penny cracke crowne*? I tell you, they have already taken horse. Here, here, here, creepe in, stoope man, stoope. [*He shuts Mun.*

*Love.* Ha, ha, he.

*into the hogsty.*]

Why so, wee'r now at Liberty, farewell.

My sisters wrongs, and sorrowes call for mee,

And shall be answered. *Ant.* Well adiew sweet Sir. *Exit.*

I must bee suddaine, or I'me lost for ever. [*ric. toc.*]

By this time sure my father melts (why sheepherd.)

The ample benefir, that shall acrew

*The Riuall Friends.*

Vnto him by this worthy match, this instant  
Attriues at's weather-beaten apprehension;  
(I doe but *know* it, am but *sure* of it)  
O, what a dainty pleasant thing it is  
For to bee free from care! to *sleep* a night,  
Without the dreaming of a *Creditor*,  
Or the disturbance of that *gobling Forfeit*!  
It cannot but be so, vpon my soule,  
Hee trades in this same cogitation,  
This very minute ——— *Sisipes. che te venga & canero.*  
Well, if hee be aboue ground, I will find him,  
Or loose my selfe, I'le seeke him in the pastures. *Exit.*  
*Finis Actus tertij.*

The Song. sung by two Trebles.

1. Treb. *But why*

*Doe the wing'd minutes flie  
so fast away?  
Stop your course yee hastie howers,  
And sollicite all the powers  
to let you stay.  
For the earth could ne're shew forth  
An object of a greater Worth.*

2. Treb. *But why*

*Doe the wing'd minutes flie  
so fast away?*

1. Treb. *It is because that they which follow,*

*Crowd on to haue a sight as well as they;*

2. Treb. *Harke how the ghosts of passed moments groane,  
'cause they are gone;*

*And rayle at Fate,*

*And curse the date*

*Of their short lines expir'd so soone.*

Chor.

*Then stop your course, yon hastie howers,*

*And sollicite all the powers*

*to let you stay,*

*For the earth could ne're shew forth*

*An object of a greater Worth.*

*The Rival Friends*

ACTVS 4. SCENA I.

*Lively solus.*

Ha, ha, he,

I haue discovered more then e're *Columbus*,  
Or our owne *water-fowle, Drake*: my pretty stripling,  
Which I did take away from *Stripes* even now,  
Is prov'd a woman, prov'd an *errant Lady*,  
That is in quest after her *errant Knight*,  
Who is *enchanted*. 'Tis the *Neece* (forsooth)  
Of our good vertuous *Iustice*, Mr *Hooke*,  
Who has put on this habit for to follow  
Her lover *Cleopes*, who has forsooke her.  
All this did shee confesse to mee in private,  
'Soone as she saw I had descry'd her sex  
And name; but I haue stay'd her *pilgrimage*,  
Shee's fast enough, I warrant her, i'th *noose*  
Of *wedlocke* now, to sturre in haste. No sooner  
Did I reade woman in her lookes, but straight  
I did command my mayds for to *unpage* her,  
And *cooke* her in her *kind*, in her owne *sauce*;  
Shee's *pickeld* now in some three yards of *lawne*:  
Here shee has it, and there shee has it, *sie, sie*.  
Was I a young man now againe, and should  
Venture on such a dish to *carue*, by'r *Lady*,  
I should not know which side for to begin on:  
Hardly distinguish breast from backe. Well, well,—  
Beshrew my heart the *queanes*, where e're they had them;  
Haue hung good rags about her; sure they borrow'd them.  
This being done, I went unto *Neander*,  
Told him, that I had got a *Boy*, and *dress'd* him  
Fit for his *palate*: he rejoyc'd, made haste  
Vnto the contract, and (as kind Fortune would)  
That very time a good old merry *Vicar*  
Of my acquaintance came to visite me.  
I crav'd his ayd, and (in one word) I brought her  
Vayl'd, but first *sou'd* by a thousand threatnings,  
If shee but mov'd towards a discovery.  
The good kinde *Gentleman* thinking her boy,  
And therefore in his power when er'e he please



*The Rivall Friends.*

For to untie the knot, is before witness,  
Contracted to her by the *Vicar*. — Oh for *Lucius* now.

ACT. 4. SCEN. 2.

*Linely, Lucius.*

*Line.* See where hee comes; but yet how heavily!  
How full of earth mee thinks his paces bee!  
Hee lookes as though his teeth had playd this fortnight,  
Kept *Holyday*. But I'll accost him. — *Lucius.*

*Enc.* The *Gods* befriend thee, whosoe'er thou art,  
That I am thought worth naming yet, not lost  
Vnto all mankind quite, though to my selfe!

*Line.* These words doe favour of too much distraction:  
You must take comfort sir. *Luc.* Who's that dares talke  
Of comfort to me? But once name the word  
That is *exil'd* whole *Nature*? good Mr. *Linely*  
Wast you that spoke? *Line.* It was, and I must haue you  
Remoue this same *December* from your lookes:  
I come to make you happy. *Luc.* Thou art come  
To loose thy labour then; I am below  
Both all the *loue*, and all the *spight* of *Fortune*,  
Shee will not make mee *happy*; and shee cannot  
Make mee more *wretched* then I am. I lye,  
Shee may doe both. But speake thou *reverend* head,  
Has ought that's good befallen my *Neander*,  
That thou dar'st venture out that name of *happy*  
So confidently upon me? — say. *Line.* There has,  
But more to you. *Luc.* What's that? *Lin.* Good, happinesse.

*Luc.* How? happinesse to me? thou should'st haue put  
The space of *fifteene ages* 'twixt those words,  
They are so farre from *reconciliation*;  
Thou hast no *Grammar* in thee, know'st no *concord*.

*Line.* But I haue *Musicke* in me, and that's better.  
I'll make thee daunce my *solitary* one.  
*Pandora* shall be thine to day. *Luc.* How? mine to day?

*Line.* Thy *wife*, thy *selfe*, but in another *character*.

*Luc.* Vnspeak't againe, it must not be. *Line.* It must.

*Luc.* Doest thou intend to buy me to thee? and  
To breake me and my fortunes with a courtesie,  
Which I shall ne're be able to repay?



*The Rival Friends.*

Imploy thy art then, all thy quicker plots  
To further my *Neander* in his loue:  
Who by how much the more his vertues be  
Greater then mine (who hardly haue so much  
As will *redeeme* me from the name of *vicious*)  
So much the more will apprehend the benefit,  
So much the more reward thee. *Lin.* Speak no further,  
*Pandora's* thine, *thee's* thine, thine owne, beleeu't.  
Hee is already married to another.

*Luci.* I doe confesse that I am something fallen  
Off from that height of reason which before,  
While I had libertie, I did enjoy:  
But thou do'st wrong me much, if thou do'st thinke  
That *Loue* has eaten up all man in mee.  
I tell you, I doe know your *plots*, your *drifts*,  
And all your *consultations*, as well  
As if I had had a *cabbin* in your bosome,  
And had from thence betrayd them; did not I  
Heare when *Neander* did sollicite thee  
For to procure a *Masculine* Bride for him?  
Did not I heare thee promise him to doe it?  
Hast thou not now perform'd it? are not they  
By thy procurement now contracted? speake;  
'Tis not so easie to deceiue the eyes  
Of Loue, how e're our franticke *Poets* say  
He feeds on nought but *Lolinn*. *Line. Lucius,*  
As I doe hope to liue, as I doe prize  
My *lungs*, my *breath*, *laughter*, and *sacke*, (beleeue me)  
I haue *Neander* fast, hee's married  
To one that is as truely woman, as  
Was she that did produce thee, and because  
You shall be certaine of't, 'tis *Constantina*.

*Luc.* But canst thou utter this (without a blush?)  
Or hath thy many yeeres  
*Block'd* up those *channels* of thy blood, that now  
They are not able to afford that face,  
(That starved face of thine, *bankrupt* of vertue)  
The least reliefe? but I'll undoe your *plots*.  
Since you doe force me, I'll confesse a secret;  
Which hitherto I've hardly *whispered*

*The Rivall Friends.*

Vnto my privat' st thoughts. I am no husband,  
No husband (marke you) for *Pandora*, nor  
For any woman living; for kind *Nature*  
Has stamped *Eunuch* on mee from my cradle.

*Lin.* What do I heare? *Luc.* That w<sup>ch</sup> is true. *Li.* An *Eunuch*!

ACT. 4. SCEN. 3.

*Linely, Neander, Constantina velata  
facie, Lucius.*

*Lin.* But see *Neander* comes with his new *Bride*.

*Nean.* Why doe you weepe and sigh so boy? no more.

*Luc.* Doe you heare that? *Nean.* But see my *Lucius*.

I must quite alter my discourse, my garbe,  
And all my actions. Hence dull *melancholly*,  
I now must finde a face that must out-smile  
A *morne* in *Iune*. *Lucius*, a thousand hayles.

*Constan.* Vnhappy *Constantina*? to whom Fate  
Neither permits to liue, nor yet to die.

*Lin.* Break off those sighs you peevish girle, or i'le — not yet?

*Nean.* What meanes this strange and ponderous eye?

As though you were to take our *Altitudes*

*Lucius*? what? and doe you smile? faith speake.

How doest thou like my *Choyce*? perhaps you wonder

At this so sudden match; but (*Friend*) you see

What Love and a faire Gentlewoman can doe.

*Lin.* I am the boldest wretch aliue. It cannot,

Cannot be long before he needs must know her.

What will become of thee then *Linely*? ha?

You must be sure not to unvaile him *Sir*,

The boy would not be knowne. *Nean.* What muse you on

So deeply *Lucius*? does your first sonnes name

You shall beget on the most faire *Pandora*

Perplex you now? come on, I'le answer for you,

He shall be called *Fortunate*. *Luc.* Not so,

Rather that name belongs to you *Neander*,

That shall haue no such care to trouble you:

For if my art deceiues me not (faire creature

Your hand) this wife of yours is never likely

For to beare children, but on her backe, or armes.

*Nean.* Why pray thee sweet? *Luc.* 'Cause in this little vake

That

*The Rival Friends.*

That lies at the foot of *Venus mountaine*, here,  
I doe discover something *too much* for mother,  
Come, come, *Neander*, these are poore devices,  
Trickes of the *Scene*, and stale, they will not take,  
And you *gray haire*s, me thinks that thou shouldst owe  
A greater and more *filiall* reverence

To the faire *Ceremonies* of the *Church*, then thus  
To *stalke* with them, to make them *stales* unto  
Such base ridiculous — *Line. Lucius*, doe but heare.

*Luc.* I will not heare thee. *Line.* Here's a benefit  
Plac'd most deservingly! I doe not like it.

*Nean.* I do not apprehend him. *Luc.* A faire gowne  
Indeed, and *sope*, and *starch* enough, to dazle  
The eyes of some young countrey *heire*, that has  
Never been *drill'd* through *Drury lane*, or *Bloomsbury*.  
But 'pray thee (friend) whose daughter hast thou married?  
What may she haue to name? *Nean.* What shall I answer?  
I am i'th bryers. *Line.* Tell him 'tis *Constantina*

Our *Iustices Neece*. *Nean.* Most excellent dissembler!  
As though you know not *Constantina* sir.

*Luc.* But is this *Constantina*? *Nea.* True. *Lin.* 'Tis truer;  
Somewhat then you doe beleue it is. *Luc.* Is this  
*Jacke Loveall's* sister? *Nean.* 'Tis. *Luc.* But is this shee  
Whom *Cleopes* once lov'd, and has forsaken?

*Const.* O me! why doe I liue and heare that name?

*Line.* Did you not mark that sigh? how smartly't came?  
No, no, I haue not fitted you, I haue not.  
'Tis a young *Roscious* I tell you. No sooner  
Was *Cleopes* nam'd, but the arch-villaine sigh'd,  
As if it had been truly *Constantina*.  
I doe not like this businesse yet.

*Luc.* Is this  
That cryed up *wonder*? that *Fidelia*?  
A sodaine change.

A C T. 4. S C E. 4.

*Placenta, Linely, Lucius, Neander, Constantina.*

*Pla.* Yet at the last? 'tis well, I'le giue the word  
Vnto *Pandora*: but with speciall care

That



*The Rival Friends.*

That the boy knowes not of his *Masters* presence?

*Lin.* What businesse is't that this same *Midwifes* face  
Does fetch and carry thus about I wonder?

Hy, shee appears againe. *Plac.* All health old man.

*Lin.* Old? and how old? but what's the newes that you  
Are rig'd with now? and whither bound I pray you?

*Plac.* Next to that loving payre of friends, whose sorrowes  
I haue lamented oft, and amongst which  
I iudge it not the least, that while yee two  
Discourse in sighes, and teares, that *Wanton* mayde  
That is the caule of all your heauinesse,  
*Leasciuously* does sport herselfe, and melts  
In the embraces of an other. *Amb.* How?

*Plac.* Regardles of your woes, or her owne honour.

*Nean.* Now all the Gods! where is he? *Luc.* Woman speake,  
What is hee for a man? *Plac.* I know him not,  
So farre as to his name; but this mine eyes  
Dare witnesse, tis a composition  
Of blood and spirits not to be despis'd.

A feature able enough to tempt; besides——

*Luc.* *Neander*, whil' st wee strine about the shadow  
Wee haue the substance ravish'd from vs. *Nean.* Ha?  
It cannot bee, 'tas noe affinitye  
With truth; It must not bee belien'd good *Lucius*.

*Plac.* Can yee retyre your selues vnder this tree  
A little, and expect? but e're I goe,  
Yee shall both promise as yee'r Gentlemen  
To endure the sight with patience. *Amb.* Wee will.

*Plac.* It is enough. *Luc.* But does this woman gull vs? *Exit*  
Or is it reall think'ft thou? *Lin.* Harke. *Luc.* No more. *Plac.*

ACT. 4. SCENE 5.

*Placenta. Lucius. Pandora. Neander,  
Endymion. Linely. Constantina*

*Plac.* Can yee belieue it yet? are your eyes yet  
Instructed? *Luc.* Tis my boy *Endymion*,  
Now hell and tortures! *Pan.* Were all odours lost,  
And beggered Nature had not sweetes enough  
To embalme the dying *Phoenix* left, from hence



*The Riuall Friends.*

From this same *lip*, Shee might restore her selfe.

*Nean.* Ah *Lucius*! must he not dye? *Luc.* *Neander*,  
It is a sacriledge vnpardonable

To pluck him from that *Altar*. *Pan.* Once more sweet—

Two pendant Cherryes when some gentle gale  
Makes them to kisse, meete not with such a touch!

[*They both draw, and run at him, he saves himselfe behind Pandora.*]

*Luc.* Villaine, and Traytour dye. *End.* O me! my Master.—

*Plac.* What doe you meane? ah. *Pan.* Alas.—Sweet Gentle-  
men.— [*Shee layes hold on Neanders arme.*

*Luc.* Did all mankinde inhabit in that breast,  
I'de put the *Gods* vnto a second trouble  
For to create that *species* a new.

*Nean.* Woman forbear. *Lin.* I doe not like these tumults.  
I'll get me home and drinke a cup of Sack. *Pand.* *Neander*,—  
*Lucius*,—

Ah by that *Monster* of my *lone*, your friendship,  
*Lucius*, by these eyes of mine, which thou  
A thousand times and more hast dar'd to liken  
Vnto the brighter starre of *Venus*, which  
Is both the *Prologue* and the *Epilogue*  
Vnto the glorious *Sun*: By thine owne eyes  
Which are two clearer *starres*, I doe coniure thee  
Forbear to prosecute such a reuenge  
Vpon this *innocent Boy*: for here I sweare  
By all those *blessed powers*, which know our thoughts,  
I neuer lou'd him. *Nean.* Most impudent woman,  
Did not our eyes behold it? *Luc.* O *Neander*,  
Why doe we stand thus coldly here? and not  
Hew out a passage through this *prostitute*  
To trauaile to the iust destruction  
Of her base *Louer*, and my baser vassalle?

*Pan.* Rather let all your fury end in me,  
See here my *naked brest* imploy your valours:  
Why doe you stand and gaze one on another?  
What is the *naked baseness* of a *Virgin*  
A *spectacle* of such *terror*? if it be,  
And that the sight of it hath cool'd your blouds,  
Then heare me speake: you *Lucius* may remember  
That ancient *stock* of *lone*, those many *vowes*,

## The Rival Friends.

Those many *teares*, those many *longings*, which  
 Have past betwixt vs : nor can you iustly stile it  
 A fault of mine, that *Time* is now so old  
 And yet does see vs *two* ; but partly *yours*  
 Partly my : athers *neereneffe* (for I must not  
 Give it the name it merits, *Consensuessa*)  
 Who seeing your so fervent love vnto me,  
 Did strive to thrust me out with nothing, or  
 At least with such a portion, as you lik'd not ;  
 Whilst thus I wauered, betwixt hope, and feare,  
 It fortun'd, that this Gentleman *Neander*  
 Became your *Rival* : who had not long beene here,  
 Not long solicited, but I (*shame of women*)  
 Began to love yee both, and which is more  
 I lou'd yee with an *equal flame*, (but see  
 What *Pageants Cupid* can play ! ) it chanc'd  
 (Contrary to all mens expectations)  
 That by degrees such a strong *tye of friendship*  
 Did grow betwixt yee, that each of yee retus'd  
 (For his friends sake) what then was profer'd you,  
*My love* ; whilst I bewayl'd my miseries  
 Vnto this Midwife here, my friend, and grien'd  
 At this my harder fortune—Good *Placenta* *Shee weepes*  
 Give them the rest. *Plac.* Then take it in a word.  
 Supposing it the onely way to winne  
 One of you to her, I counsaill'd her to feigne  
 A love vnto some other Gentleman.  
 Whilst we were busie in these Consultations,  
 As fortune would, your Page *Endymion*  
 Came hither (*Lucius*) to seeke his Master.  
 We lay the trayne for him, shee courts the Boy,  
 And he (poore Lad) thinking her serious  
 Was caught immediatly. *Luc.* But is this true ?  
*Pan.* Would I could call it false—But otherwise  
 Then was expected hath it prospered. *Shee weepes.*  
*Gen. Placenta*, ah *Placenta*. *Pla.* Who's that calls me ?  
*Gen.* Shall I disclose my selfe ? I am asham'd. [*They put up*  
*Nean.* If it be so, *Pandora*, we craue pardon. [*their words.*]  
 And doe restore him life ; but now (*faire soule*)  
 If thou do'st ayme to reach a life so happy

*The Rival Friends.*

So full of all content, that thou may'st sit  
Within thy Sphere (like *Venus*) and looke downe  
On all thy Sex, and pittie them; lone *this* man.

*Nean.* Loue *this* man. For as for my selfe I am  
Already furnish'd with a *Mistress*, see  
My wife here— Sweetest wife. *Pand.* Is this your wife?  
I judge her happy who to e're shee is,

*Luc.* Beleeue him not, this is a *Boy*, a *villaine*  
(Whom I, but that—) *Nean.* *Lucius* forbear. *Luc.* Drest vp  
In womans Cloathes by that same *dosara* *Lutely*.  
Sweetest *Neander* leaue. *Nean.* It is a woman.

*Luc.* By all the gods, it is a boy, 'tis false.  
But for to rob you of all hope of mee  
Giue me but care, I am an *Eunuch*, if  
You can endure to haue a *frozen statue*,  
*Sleepe* by your side, whilst you *awake*, recount  
The *tedious* minutes of your *widdowed* nights  
And sigh, and thinke, and thinke, and sigh againe,  
Behold an husband for you, I am he. *Shee swonnes.*

*Pan.* O me! an *Eunuch*? *Plac.* Hold the Gentlewoman  
Ay me! shee swonnes, sweetest *Pandora*, ah.

*Luc.* What is the matter? *Plac.* Ah good *Lucius* helpe,  
Shee's gone — alas good heart. What shall I doe?

*Nean.* But see shee breathes againe. *Plac.* Ah *hony sweet*  
*Pandora* speake. *Pan.* Ah!

Hands off thou *out-side* of a man; and thou  
*Uxorious* creature, I doe craue no ayde  
From you, forbear. *Plac.* How doe's my *sweetest hony*?

*Pan.* I am not well *Placenta*, let vs goe  
Into your house a while. *Luc.* Please you faire Lady  
To vse my seruice? *Pan.* How? Your seruice sir?  
You can doe nothing, nor doe I expect it.  
But if your loue towards me be worthy, lend mee  
Your *Page*, but for an houre. *Luc.* Hee is yours.

*Pan.* Then sir adieu. *Nean.* Shall I be vanquish'd thus *Exeunt*  
In friendship? But I will once more to *Lutely*. *Plac.*  
And see what further counsell hee will giue mee, *Endym.*  
Faire wife let's goe—Rise vp you villaine boy;  
*Lucius* farewell. *Luc.* What is he gone? so soone? *Exit.*  
To's *Engineer* I know, to his contriuer;

But

*The Riuall Friends.*

But I will follow them so fast, that not  
A syllable shall passe without my Knowledge.

\* How now you Rascall? where are your eyes I wonder?

\* *Stripes runnes against Lucius.*

*Exit.*

ACT. 4. SCE. 6.

*Stripes solus.*

*Strip.* In as a good a headpeece as yours, I warrant you that,  
for all your fine cloathes, *Sadus*, I thinke my penny as good silver  
as yours, every day's weeke, I'll tell you but so.

A Mayde of eightene, to play with babes-clouts, well, 'tis no  
matter, Let that passe though, goe to, goe to, 'tis an ill vnde that  
blowes no body good, cry I, sure a rose o' th' right side to day, I shall  
have a servant by and by, and a lusty Knaue too, and here's the  
chincke, the chincke; as I was getting this rod euen now, for my  
wife daughter, comes me *Terpanders* tonne, the angry boy, the  
smoaker of Tobacco, the whorson which could not endure his mo-  
ther, *Sadus* I was afraid at first to see my telfe alone with him,  
he did to stare with 'is rowling eyes, and 'twas no force by'r Lady,  
for I had fine good shillings in my purse; But he to put me out of  
doubt salutes me most louingly, as thus, *Stripes* God saue you, Saue  
you *Stripes* — no, *Stripes* God saue you — *Stripes* be hang'd —  
a blockhead, *Sadus* I doubt I should make but a scurvie Gentleman,  
I want the trick ont. — But let that passe though, I haue the mo-  
ny here, and presently, my man will come, which *Anteros* will  
send me, whom, if I haue not pay'd me every morning my forty  
brace of legges and caps — no more.

ACT. 4. SCE. 7.

*Anteros disguised.*

*Stripes.*

*Ant.* Why so, I am fairely accoutred, as becomes a Sheep-  
heards servant — But swig for see my Master. Here must I  
quite disrobe my telfe of all my former manners, garbe, behaviour,  
and put the plod o' th' Country on. — *Strip.* How now? He whistles  
What iolly whistler haue vve got here trow? and dances.

Hi, hi, a dancer too? I, I, by'r Lady

For ought I know, this is the man I spoke of,



*The Rinnall Friends.*

Or else if not, here's one could with hee were.

*A sturdy knave*, a lusty proper *knave*.

I like him well, he ha's a backe for burthens.

You *Sirrah*, you; *Ant.* What say you, you?

*Stip.* I say whom doe you seeke here you?

*Ant.* I seeke a Sheepheard you. *Stip.* I am a Sheepheard.

*Ant.* But I seeke a Sheepheard, whose name is *Stipes*.

*Stip.* I am the man you knave, you come from *Anteros*?

*Ant.* Yeas. *Stip.* To serve mee? *Ant.* Yeas.

*Stip.* In good time, how now saucy *Iacke*? how now proud, prodigall *knave*? where are your twenty legs vnto your Master? Goe to, Goe to, to worke, begin, well said. *Anteros makes legs.* 1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. So, so, enough, I doe forgive the rest. Turne you about, vñ, vñ, a good *squat* fellow, a well *quarterd* man, By'r Lady, and if hee had but *moanes* would make a pretty husband for my daughter *Merda*.

*Ant.* Has he a daughter? and are there women here? o o o—  
O I am fallen from *heaven* into a *Coleps*!

*Stip.* Why *Merda*, I say, my daughter *Merda* I say, the foolish girle's affrayd I know, go to, go to, I will forgive her.

*Merda* I say. But you Sir *Squire* 'st' *doz*, what is your name?

Hy, which way looke you? *Ant.* My name is *Icoffry*.

*Stip.* I, I, how now? how *Icoffry*? a hard name by'r Lady. why when?

*Ant.* O I could creep into a catskin purse,  
Endure the fenn of a *Courti-fardingall*  
For a concealment now.

ACT. 4. SCE. 8.

*Merda. Stipes. Anteros.*

*Merd.* Good-hony-sweet-sugercandy Father, forgive mee but this time, and if euer I doe to any more, I'll neuer bee scene neither *byde*, or *bayre* againe.

*Stip.* Ho, ho, oh, ho a great *leb*, stand vp. I doe forgive you, but on this condition, that for your penance you shall weare this rod, *stucke* at your backe till night.

*Mer.* With all my heart good Father *sticks* it on.

*Stip.* So: how dost thou like my man *Chuckin*? goe to, looke on him well.

*Merd.* Does hee come a wooing Father? if hee does, I'll run

*The Riwall Friends.*

run away, and make him beleene I'me ooy. — [*She offers to run into the house. Hee puls her backe with his booke.*]

*Stip.* Whither now you great baggage? You'l come againe? But stay am not I an old foole? an old dotardly foole, that haue not enquir'd what my man can doe yet? *Ieoffry.* —

*Mer.* Is his name *Ieoffry*? Father, good father doe, pray you father let him dwell with vs, you know you promis'd me, that you would hire a man, and buy him a *Cloake*, that he might goe before mee as they doe before *Gentlesfolkes* daughters, when my new gowne was made, I that you did, so marry did you.

*Ant.* What haue wee now to doe?

*Stip.* *Peace and catch a mouse.*

*Mer.* There's *claglocks* enow 'ith house to make him a cloak  
*Sweete—hony—sugar—comfit* father let him.

*Stip.* No more. *Ieoffry*, how now you *flotch*? how doe you stand? Come hither, goe to, goe to, did you euer weare a cloak in your life? answer mee roundly.

*Ant.* No not I, I can't tell how.

*Stip.* Ah beggars brat! how now? but I must haue you learne, that you may man your young *Mistrie* there sometimes. Come on let mee see how finely you can doe the *feat*, walke before her, follow him daughter. [*Hee walkes, Merda stayes behind, tying her shoe.*]

*Ant.* Here's a *sweete* office! [*Hee beats him.*]

*Stip.* You great *lobcocke* you. [*Hee beats him.*]  
He teach you to looke behind you, to see whether your charge followes, or no, what? would you bee gadding without your charge?

*Ant.* I, am I arriu'd at this? — *Whoffer* did you strike one?

*Stip.* Doe you prate too? looke you here, marke but mee, I haue seene the day, when I could haue *stinged* it before my sweet heart. — *short and thicke citizen like, you mankin*, what? two acres breadth at a stride? I, I by'r Lady; He cut you short in *smock-timber*, for this minion; is your *smock* so wide, with a *murren* to you? *short and thicke citizen like*: how now?

ACT. 4. SCE. 9.

*Stripes.* *Anteros.* *Merda.* 2 *Rusticall Servants.*  
two *Mayds.* *Fidlers.*

1. *Rust.* Hy, strike vp braue boyes, hy, for our towne.

*Stip.* Hy, for your towne say you? you are a company of lazy,  
lub-

*The Rinnall Friends.*

lubberly knaves, there's the short and the long on't, ho, ho, boyes, ho, ho boyes? what drabs too? girles too? doxyes too? yee are a company of slowbackly Queanes, there's *sauce for your eeles*.

2. *Rust*. Come Kate, croude on. *Ant*. O, O, the whole torrent of all woman kind is broke in vpon mee, what shall I doe?

*Mr*. Cuds, cuds, these are *Mr. Livelyes* men and mayds, that are come to dance vpon the greene. Pray you Father let mee daunce with them.

*Stip*. You daunce with them? you are a great *princecockly pup-lady*; there's *mustard for your biefs* too, since you will needs haue it; 'sunds I haue beene a wit in my dayes, there's some reliques left yet, goe to, goe to. 1. *Mayd*. Oh *Stipes*! I pray you let your daughter daunce with vs a little.

*Stip*. Daunce with you? pray you vpsolue me this question, what holy day is this? *Latter Lammes*? or *St. Ginnyes Even*?

*Rust*. 1. Come on braue Sheeheard, our Master ha gi-  
ven vs leaue to trip it for an hower, or two, I'faith we haue had  
a wedding at our house to day. *Stip*. A wedding? a wedding?  
what wedding? vpsolue mee that question.

2. *Rust*. Betweene a gentleman and a gentlewoman, but  
what care wee what they bee.

2. *Mayd*. Come on old *Grummelseedes*, what must we stand  
*thrumming of caps* all day, vvaiting on your graue ignorance?  
by the faith of my body, either let your daughter daunce vvith  
vs, or I'll make your old bones rattle in your skin, I'll lead you  
a *Coranto* I'faith. *Ant*. An *Amazon*, by heauens an *Amazon*,  
a *Penthesilea*. *Stip*. I, I by'r Lady? are you avil'd of that?

*Mer*. Pray you forsooth, good-hony-sweete-plumpudding  
father, vvee'i haue but one spirt I'faith la v; *Sellengers round in  
sippits*, or *put on thy smocke on munday*.

1. *Rust*. But what flap-mouth'd fellow's that behind the tree  
there? *Ant*. Now comes my *Cue*. *Stip*. Who he? ano-  
ther gates fellow then you take him for, goe to, goe to, it is my  
man I tell you. 2. *Rust*. But can hee daunce?

*Stip*. Oh in print, he trips it like a fayry. *Icoff*. y. Hy, hy, how  
now? what? tricks? how now? 2. *Mayd*. How now  
young man? what so modest? come on, take mee by th' hand.

*Mer*. Take mee *Icoff*. I'll daunce with our *Icoff*, or else I  
won't dance at all, no I won't, law you now. *Ant*. I can't dance.

*Stip*. Hee's a lying knave, I saw him my selfe; to him, to  
him,



*The Rival Friends.*

to him; frolick it nimble whilst I come back; because 'tis his first day he shall haue leaue, my daughter too, for halfe an houre; no more. Go to, go to.

*Exit Stripes.*

ACT. 4. SCEN. 10.

*Anteros, Merda, two Rusticall Servants, 2.*

*Ancilla, Fidlers.*

2 *Rust.* But strike it out, we burne day-light.

*Merda.* Ah the Lord! but where's our *Icoffrey*?

1 *Anc.* Cuds me! I doubt the great clowne's run away.

2 *Anc.* Whoo! hee's got up into the tree there.

1 *Rust.* Where? where? oh *cuds workers & swowkers*, I haue him by the leg: *Robin*, helpe here *Robin.* *Ant.* What a murren ayles you? can't you let one alone? 2 *Rust.* Come, come, you must needs daunce, we want one. *Ant.* Can't daunce.

2 *Anc.* Can't you daunce, my little shamefac'd one? Can you kisse a pretty wench in a corner?

*Ant.* Let one alone, I can't I tell you, I won't daunce.

1 *Rust.* I but you shall firrah, in spite of your teeth.

*Ant.* Fish, won't daunce. 1 *Anc.* Come *Merda*, you must entreat him, hee'l daunce with you I know. *Mer.* Prithee now *Icoffrey* doe, prithee now good *Icoffrey* doe, wu'd I might ne're stir law, if I don't make you a *bishing posset*, with a great *lumpe of hony* in't, when my father and mother bee gone to bed, if you will. *Ant.* Fish I can't daunce.

1 *Rust.* Come let the great foole alone, wee'l dance our selues.

*Mer.* Prithee now *Icoffrey*.

*Ant.* What shall I say? you'll laugh at one.

*Mer.* Wu'd I was whipt if I doe.

1 *Anc.* Besworne I won't.

2 *Anc.* Nor I on my mayden-head.

*Ant.* Come on then, since there is no remedy. *they daunce*

2 *Rust.* Hi, now every one kisse his marrow.

*Ant.* I ne're was miserable'till now *Merda wipes her*

*Mer.* *Icoffrey, Icoffrey.* *mouth, and expects*

2 *Anc.* Why don't you kisse your marrow?

*Ant.* I won't, I can't kisse.

1 *Rust.* No can't? wee'l trie that: *Robin*, hold his tother arme fast: so, so, now *Merda*, now, well sayd, againe, againe; why so then.

*They all laugh.*

*Ant.* They



*The Rivall Friends.*

*Ant.* They live in *Paradise* that thrash. 1 *Anc.* *Tihy.*

2 *Anc.* *Tihy, Robin*, come hither.

*Ante.* Those happy *Paracelsians* are in heaven,  
That trade by night i'th *mineralls* of the citie.

2 *Anc.* What doe you meane to fight *Merda*?

*Merd.* Ay-me—I forgot the rod.

*They laugh.*

1 *Anc.* Fie, why doe you blush so *Merda*?

*Shee throws*

*Merd.* I don't blush, you are a lyer.

*it away.*

1 *Rust.* Fie upon you *Merda*, a great mayden, and blush.

*Merd.* Aw, but you lye though, I did not blush, I won't  
daunce no more with you.

2 *Rust.* O by any meanes doe not forsake us yet, one daunce  
more; who was it that said shee blush'd? shee did not blush, I  
know she scornes to blush; come take your *Jeoffrey* by the hand  
againc.

*Ant.* I'm weary, I can't daunce no more.

1 *Rust.* Weary? faith I'll *desquiffe* it; weary? about with it  
I say.

*They daunce againe.*

A C T. 4. S C E. II.

*Stripes*, with two dead lambes upon his  
hooke, & *cateri.*

*Str.* O lazy varlets! is this a time to daunce? you idle persons;  
What wilt you leane I say? looke heere I pray; doe's this same  
spectacle agree with turning on the toe, or capring? go to, go  
to, fie, fie, ah my sweet lambes, I dare bee sworne for you, yee  
thinke no body hurt at this instant. Come hither you my nim-  
ble skipper, upsolue me this question, what's your 'pinion must  
be done with these?

1 *Rust.* Pish lets away, strike vp, *Stripes* adiew.

1 *Anc.* Farewell *Merda*.

2 *Anc.* And you my *niunny pease-straw-wisse* that cannot kisse.

2 *Rust.* *Stripes* farewell, hey.

*Exeunt.*

*Strip.* *Stripes* farewell? but *Stripes* cannot farewell, if his affaires  
goe thus quite arsy varsy; you whorson crab-fac'd *lyzard*, you  
left-leg'd rogue, what is there nothing else belongs unto this  
geare, thinke you, but onely to stare on them with your two  
*sawcers* of *mustard*? s'duds, either take them up quickly, and to  
worke about them, or Ile ———

*Stripes strikes him.*

*Ant.* This is the second time; this once I'll suffer:

But

*The Rivall Friends.*

But by yon *palace* of the Gods I sweare,  
Let him but once more touch me with the top  
Of his least finger, and I'll ramme his truncke  
Into the center : I haue said it.

*Stip.* Are you muttering? you'l in with them, and dispatch  
them; goe you home too, my daughter *Merda*.

*Merda.* Vm, vm, vm, you might haue let one daunce a little  
longer, so you might, so you might; I am not yet hote in my  
geares.

*Exeunt Ant. Merda.*

*Stip.* Are you mumbling too? what my whole family turn'd  
rebels? s'duds—I promise you, I promise you, 'tis not my best  
course I see to beat my man thus often; a surly knaue by'r Lady,  
a surly knaue, a strong knaue too, I doe not like his lookes, he has  
a vineger countenance : but peace and catch a mouse, cry I.

ACTVS 4. SCENA 12.

*Laurentio, Stipes.*

*Laur.* But see, I will enquire; honest man, a word.

*Stip.* Honest man in your face, whosoe're owes you; 's'duds,  
haue I nothing to doe, but to prittle, prattle, with euery one I  
meet, thinke you?

*Exit.*

*Lau.* What an unheard of rudenesse haue we here?  
Are these the manners of the countrey? well.

This is the place, as I am told, wherein  
That *Lucius* liues, who not long since prevayl'd  
With his faire flattering speeches, for to haue  
My sonne *Endymion* to be his Page.

But oh yee awfull powers!

I had no father in mee should I suffer  
Mine onely sonne to lead a servile life  
With one that is mine enemy, nay more,  
The ruine and subversion of my family.

O daughter *Isabella*!

Whilst thy false Lover melts within the armes  
Of his new purchac'd *Mistress*, thou (poore girl)  
Embracest scorne and povertie, or else  
(Which I doe rather wish were true) cold death.

But I doe heare,

Since my arrivall, of some Country people,  
That they haue seene, some fortnight since or more,

*The Rivall Friends.*

A pretty boy, lingring about this village  
Much about her stature, and complexion,  
Which did enquire for a Gentleman  
That was without a Page; this may be shee,  
Who for the loue of *Lucius*, has put on  
Some strange disguise. Whom cannot loue transforme?

ACTVS 4. SCENA 13.

*Placenta, Laurentio, Pandora, Endymion.*

*Plac.* Ha, ha, he.

Whilst the poore flye does sport her selfe too long  
About the amorous flame, she burnes her wings.  
Her counterfeiting of a Lone, is now  
Turn'd into earnest. *Endymion's* now the man  
She swears she loues; as for the other two  
She has forgot their very names already.

*Lau.* Does not this woman name my sonne?

Let me see, is not this *Endymion*? it is hee, *Enter Pand.*  
And with him a fayre gentlewoman. Ha? *Endymion.*

*Pand.* But tell me dearest, did thy Master *Lucius*  
Once loue thy sister *Isabella* so,  
Whom now he has forsaken? *End.* Yes. *Pan.* Behold  
That treachery repayd him. *Lau.* See, they kisse.

*Pla.* But what old Gentleman is this? *La.* I'll shew my selfe.  
All health to this faire loving couple. *End.* O, —

*Lau.* Why do'st thou lie me? *End.* 'Tis my father, — father  
God saue you. *Lau.* Dearest sonne, my best of blessings.

*End.* How haue you done sir, since I saw you last?

*Laur.* As well as one can doe that has departed  
With's onely daughter. *End.* Why, is my sister dead?

*Laur.* I know not that. But I am sure her credit,  
The candor of her name is perished.

*End.* Good sir, as how? Instruct me. *Lau.* Ah *Endymion*,  
Since that most treacherous *Lucius* left the Citie  
I haue not seene her, onely I heare of her,  
But little to my comfort. — But no more,  
I haue forgot her, and her folly both.  
Prepare thy selfe (my sonne) immediatly,  
To leaue this place and service; for thy fortunes  
(How e're they were before, slender and poore)



*The Rivall Friends.*

Must not now see thee hold a trencher for  
A better man then *Lucius*. Thy old vncle  
As he liv'd well, in a seasonable age.  
Is gone into the graue, and by his will  
Hath given to thee eight thousand pound, and three  
Vnto thy sister, (though unworthy) what  
Else he was worth in lands and goods, is mine.

*Pla.* *Pandora*, kisse mee girle, kisse mee I say,  
I haue deserued it, 'twas my invention,  
My plot this (girle) th'art happy wench, th'art happy.

*Pan.* Is this your father sweet?

*End.* It is faire Mistris.

Sir, I congratulate our fortunes with you;  
But if you doe desire to haue my joyes  
Full and o'reflow their banks, grant me your leaue  
To marry this faire Gentlewoman. *Laur.* Alas,  
This is not in my power *Endymion*:

But if thou canst procure her friends consent —

*Pan.* Sir feare not that, I will entreat my father.

*Laur.* As for a portion, 'tis not thought upon  
My son, if you be pleas'd. *End.* Sir, I am pleas'd,  
Shee is to me most deare. *Pan.* *Placenta*, runne,  
See if my father be within, — I know *Ex. Pla.*  
(Most worthy sir) that I shall win him to it.

*Laur.* But canst thou tell no newes of *Isabella*,  
Sweet son? *End.* No, none at all sir. *Lan.* Ah poore heart!  
But 'tis no matter, I'll forget her quite. *Redit in sce-*  
Where is thy M<sup>r</sup> *Lucius*? *End.* I know not. *nam Plac.*

*Pla.* Your father's walk'd abroad with M<sup>is</sup> *Vrsely*  
Your sister, but whither, there's none can tell me.  
As yet the plot concerning *Constantina* *to herselfe.*

Is not descri'd. *Pan.* Most reverend sir, wilt please you  
To walke into the pastures, peradventure  
There we shall meet my father. *Lan.* But I had rather  
That I could compasse that same villaine *Lucius*,  
That he might heare what he deserues. *Lively runs in,*

*Nean.* Villaine. *Live.* I am undone. *Nean. following with*

*Pla.* Ah me! *Neander* with his naked sword! *his sword*  
He runne in heere. *drawne.*

*Pap.* Ah! *End.* Let's away good father. *Exeunt.*



*The Rival Friends.*

ACT. 4. SCEN. 14.

*Neander, Lively.*

*Nean.* O that thou hadst  
As many liues as haire, that I might be  
An age in killing thee, that I might score up  
Each passing minute with a life: — But speake,  
How durst thou thus abuse me? *Lin.* I did not know  
Shee was a woman. *Nean.* No, didst thou not know it?  
But thou shalt know thy selfe to be a man,  
One that can dye. *Lin.* — O — O —

*Nean.* How poore is this reuenge? hast thou any children,  
Or kinsfolkes (speake) that I may kill them too?  
Ha? wilt thou not answer? how durst thou offer this?

*Lin.* Because I loued your friend *Lucius*  
Better then you. *Nean.* Better then I? that word  
Does merit death though thou hadst beene preferu'd  
White from thy cradle to this houre. —  
Doezt thou loue *Lucius*? ha? *Lin.* Yes.

*Nean.* Liue; no, no thou must not;  
Thou might'st haue kil'd my father, broke the vme  
Wherein my mothers ashes sleepe, farre cheaper.  
But for his sake, thus much I'll grant thee, chuse  
The manner of thy death — shall I take off thy head?  
Or hadst thou rather dye vpon the poynt?  
Thinke quickly, nay be instant. *Lin.* Worthy Sir:  
Let mee entreate some little space to pause  
I haue not yet determin'd.

*Nean.* Well thou hast it. But see that it bee speedy.

ACT. 4. SCEN. 15.

*Laurentia, Lucius, Neander, Lively.*

*Law.* Most perfidious. Contemner of all goodnesse. —

*Luc.* Excellent.

Nay forward, on, wee know you haue a tongue.

*Nean.* Ha? is this *Lucius*? *Law.* Where is my *Isabella*,  
Whom thou hast loaden with disgrace? restore mee  
Her honour (villaine) her good name. *Nean.* I must  
Deferre my iust reuenge I see a little.  
He must not know that I am angry, nor

How

*The Rivall Friends.*

How I am gulld. *Laur.* Thou base unworthy man.

*Luc.* Would you could raise your voyce a little fir,  
You are not heard. *Laur.* Thou staine of all mankind.

*Nea.* Thou qwest thy life unto my *Lucius*.  
I am not now at leasure for to kill thee.

*Lin.* Nor I for to be kild for a trick I know. *Ex. Linely.*

*Luc.* Are you drawne drie so quickly, Mr *Lickthumbe*?  
Haue you no more good names in pickle for me?  
Nay come ifaith, let's haue an other bout.

*Nea.* But is he gone? he must not so escape me. *Ex. Nea.*

*Lan.* Where is my daughter? where is my daughter, rascall?

Ah *Isabella*. *Luc.* So: but Sir resolute mee,  
Haue yee no *Empericks*? no *Physicians*  
I'th Citty, that you thus doe send your mad men  
Into the country to be cur'd? but Sir  
I'le leaue you. *Laur.* But I will not so leaue you.

*Luc.* You will not? *Lan.* No, I'le be a torment to thee.

*Luc.* You will? but yet take heed that your ill language  
Procures not me to turne Physician.  
This sword of mine opens a veine but harshly,  
Doe you heare.

*Finis Actus quarti.*

---

*The Song.*

*Haue you a desire to see  
The glorious heavens Epitome?  
Or an abstract of the Spring?  
Adonis garden? or a thing  
Fuller of wonder, Natures shop display'd,  
Hung with the choicest pieces she has made?  
Here behold it open layd.*

*Or else would you blesse your eyes  
With a type of paradise?  
Or behold how Poets faine  
Ioue to sit amidst his traine?  
Or see (what made Acteon rue)  
Diana mongst her Virgin crue?*

*Lift up your eyes and view.*

*ACT 5.*

*The Rivall Friends.*

ACT. 5. SCEN. I.

*Stipes solus.*

Why so then, now we are all alone. We? you great neate,  
What haue you pig's in your belly? by'r Lady, If I wist  
I had, I would not vnkennell this secret yet, well if there  
Were hog's in my belly too, I see that it will out;  
This mouth of mine was not cut out for secret's—

O wicked seruant! lewd daughter!

O *Merda, Merda*, thou hast lost thy selfe

For euer, thou hast defiled my house, my good name, my family. As I even now came from my sleepe, I found my daughter, at her nooning forsooth, fast a slepe vpon her bed, and there was shee (as shee vses often) campring to her selfe alone in her sleepe, 'scouring to her selfe, but what was her 'scourse thinke you? Not about her hufwifery; not how many hens were with egge, but fie vpon you *Ieoffry* are you not ashamed? O! Ah! fie vpon you *Ieoffry* are you not ashamed to touch one by the skinne? Ile tell my father (nere moue) if you will not bee quiet. I, I by'r Lady, worse then this, worse stuffe then this, what shall I say? without all doubt this left legd-rascall has dub'd mee Gran-father without Matrimony. But peace and *catch a mouse cry I*, some wiser then some, old birds will not be catch'd wi h shaffe. I haue a trick in store if it will take, to be reueng'd sufficiently—no more. *Ieoffry*, Why *Ieoffry*.

ACT. 5. SCEN. 2.

*Anteros, Stipes.*

*Ant.* What gaping knaue is that?

*Stip.* How now *Ieoffry*? know you not mee *Ieoffry*? know you not mee? But let that passe though—I'll bee with you anon i' faith for all this geere. Come hither Left-legs, come hither. Peace and catch a mouse cry I. Did you euer when you were at your old Masters, learne to set a trap, *Ieoffry*?

*Ant.* Yes a mouse trap.

*Stip.* O sirrah, sirrah; but wee must haue to doe with other gates kind of cartell, I meane a fox trap Left-legs, come hither, come hither, looke you here, and learne, for this same night must

*The Rival Friends.*

I send you into the Pastures to invite my fine *Reynold* to morrow to breake-fast, goe too, goe too, hee is something too familiar with my Lambs, marke you that left-legs? A little higher I pray you. Helpe me to twist this Corde — Well said, be a faithful servant *Jeoffry*. You know I haue a daughter *Jeoffry*. Peace and catch a Moue *Jeoffry*. You great dunder nose — Souds — You'll lay both hands to worke — A bots on you; you hang on my back to see you. Your tother hand in, and draw behind thus, thus looke you here. [*He gets his hands into the cordes, and on a suddaine ties him too a tree.*] Ha, ha, he, soh. How ranke he smells? but 'tis no matter, I begin to grow old, and 'tis good (they say) Against the Palsey. Ha, ha, he, he, ho. You villaine, Hee loues Mutton well, that dips his bread in'th wooll.

No lesse then your Masters daughter Left-legs?

Come on in troth, vpsoeue me this question is she not tender? is she not delicate? a pretty morsell? does shee not rellish well? a pretty morsell? but I'll teach you sirrah to play the Mason, and lay your *chips o'throek* where you're desired Left-legs, where you're desired. But I am something feeble through my age, And cannot longer hold out 'scourse with you, Without my staffe, without my supporter, sir, I pray you doe not stirre till my returne, But let me finde you here, I haue some businesse, Goe to, goe to, I haue some businesse with you.

*Exit Stiper.*

ACT. 5. SCE. 3.

*Anteros. Louell.*

*Ant.* Nay 'tis no matter I deserue it all,  
Troth I doe hope that he will bast me soundly.  
Besthrow his fingers if he does not, soundly.  
I must be in my tricks, forsooth, my tricks:  
Haue my devices, and my turnes, my changes.  
But torment of all torments! here comes *Louell*.  
Why this is worse then five and twenty beatings;  
O that some greedy vndertaker of liues  
Would giue me but a double Stiner now  
For mine, that I might cozen him. As sure  
As Death, or *Iustice Hookes* deuouring pawes,  
I shall be icer'd to death, immediatly.

*Enter  
Louell.*



*The Rival Friends.*

*Lon.* It is a strange darke melancholly this  
That thus torments my Sister, I haue beene  
An houre with her, and in all that time  
Cannot perswade her troubled soule to forme  
The least ayre shee breathes, into articulate language.  
But stay what haue wee here? *Ant.* Now it begin's.

*Lon.* A man tyed to a tree?

*Ant.* I would your tongue  
Was tyed as fast; then there was hope I might  
Escape with life. *Lon.* What are you fellow, speake?

*Ant.* You may goe looke, goe meddle with your owne.

*Lon.* So angry 'pray thee? how came thy hands in mortgage?  
Shall I redeeme them? *Ant.* Redeeme your owne land's I  
pray you,

Let me alone or else I'll spurne you — yet  
Hee knowes mee not.

*Lon.* Sure I haue scene that face.

*Ant.* O, O, O —

*Lon.* Is't hee or not, ha? *Anteros.* *Ant.* No more.  
Death not a word. *Lon.* But heaven and earth man! how  
Comes this to passe? What has begot this change?

*Ant.* Wilt thou vnty me? I will tell thee all.

*Lon.* But pray thee *Anteros.* — *Ant.* But pray thee Iack  
Thou wilt vndoe me quite by thy delayes,  
Wilt thou vndoe me? *Lon.* 'Tis not a friendly part.

*Ant.* Pox o' that ieast, as common as a woman,  
Or her *Synonymy*; wilt thou vnty mee? *He vntyes him.*

*Lon.* 'Tis done. *Ant.* Thou art my Patron *Loucall*, So.  
But stay a while, I must desire your ayce  
A little further. *Lon.* What has hee now in hand?

[*He pulls off his Shepheards robes which were about his owne, pluckes  
Garters, Pumps, Roses, a Band out of his Pocket.*]

*Ant.* Can you become a peaceable man?

*Lon.* How now?

A Snake, a Snake; hee's young againe, ha, ha, he.  
What? *Pinkes* and *Roses* too? Why so, hee pluckes  
*Iune* out of's pocket. *Ant.* Can you be quiet yet?

*Lon.* And *Garters* too? *Ant.* That slipper, tongue of yours  
I doubt will spoyle all. *Lon.* What? and a band? so, so;  
The vayne of *Tempe's* not so fresh, the picture,

*The Riual Friends.*

The very picture of the *Spring*, when th'earth  
Layes by her *freeze-conte*, and turnes Forrester.

*Ant.* Thus far it prospers, once more your help sweet *lack*,  
Nay come, and take me that same rope againe,  
And binde me as I was before, directly  
In the same garbe you found me — Doe not stand  
Gazing, but do't. *Low.* Thou art not mad I hope?

*Ant.* If I be mad, I will not trouble you  
For counsaile, nor for Physick; nay wilt thou come?  
But hold a little, I must first borrow of you  
Your Hat, and Sword. [*Heo lends him his hat and sword.*]

*Low.* Which way this plot will looke  
I know not — there — come let me see your hand's  
Since you wil needs. *Ant.* Why now thou'rt right, thou'rt right,  
*Low.* What will you haue me doe besides? come on,  
Your legges too if you will. *Ant.* No more, *St.* harke.  
The Sheephards doore. Trouble vs not goed *Loueall*.  
Onely stand close and heare. *Low.* What should this meane?

ACT. 5. SCEN. 4.

*Stripes* With a cudgell in his hand. *Anteros.* *Loueall*.

*Strip.* Fie *Iscoffry*, are you not asham'd, to touch one by the  
skinne? My daughter denies all this most stiffly but I will Ferret-  
claw my Lobcock i' faith. So, now I am arm'd. Goe to, goe to,  
come you knaue, where are you?

*Low.* Ha, ha, he. *Strip.* Ha? ha? ha? How now by'r Lady?  
How now? I, I, by'r Lady? what's this? What's this? gandy?  
gandy? Fine cloathes? fine cloathes? Ha? has no body stole  
my eyes? let me be sure of that in the first place. Am I *Stripes*  
or not? ha? ha? ha? Is this our *Iscoffry* or not? *Ant.* *Stripes*,  
*Stripes* I say. *Strip.* This is another voyce an other face  
Without all question this is *Fayrie* Ground;

My man is chang'd. *Low.* ha, ha, he. *Ant.* *St.* *Strip.* hi, hi, hi.  
A sweard too? a sweard too? a whiniard too? *Ant.* *Stripes*.

*Strip.* Well I will venture to speake what ere come on't, but  
stay, I'le first say o're the charme my Mother learnt me.  
*Beest thou deuill gentle, or beest thou deuill curst,*

*The Rival Friends.*

*In the name of Saint Swishin doe thy worst.*

There's sauce for your Eccles what e're you are. Now see if I cannot shape you an answer. *Ant.* Come nearer to mee.

*Stip.* Are you auis'd of that? *elder and wiser, Soft fire makes sweet Maults, No hast to hang true men;* come nearer quoth you? I am neare enough already for the good you'le doe me I doubt, Come nearer say you? No good *M. Denill* I am very wel I thank you, goe to, come nearer when you haue a Sweard, a Twybill?

*Ant.* My hands are bound man. *Low.* What wil becom of this?

*Ant. Sr. Stip.* If your feet were bound too, I'le not trust you As long as you haue a Sweard by your side, a Whiniad.

*Ant.* Do but heare me. Had not you a man to day call'd *Icoffry*?

*Stip.* Yes marry had I; what say you to that now? Nay I'le keepe my selfe out of your clouches I warrant you.

*Ant.* But what's become of that same *Icoffry*?

*Stip.* Become? become? 'spose I spurd you an answer, and said I know not, what can you make of that now? make mee a horse-naile of that. *Ant.* Doe you desire to know?

*Stip.* Yes marry doe I. Crack mee that aut now if you be a Gentleman Denill.—

*Ant.* I am that *Icoffry*, but no seruant now Of your's, but mine owne man: and am become Since your departure, noble, rich, valiant, Am form'd a new out of the Mint,—behold me. And this great miracle *Obron the Fayry King*

Has wrought vpon me. *Stip.* *Obernun? Obernun?* you tell me strange things. *Ant.* But shal I tel thee stranger things the thete?

*Stip.* 'spose you did.

*Ant.* And such as shall be for thy benefit? —

*Stip.* Would you would else. Nay stare on with your goggles till Barly comes to six pence a bushell. You know your wages, some wiser then some, cry I: I'le keepe farre enough off you: I'le tell you but so. Goe to, goe to, I am a crafty colt.

*Ant.* You know I vvas your seruant to day.

*Stip.* Well put the case. *Ant.* Poore, ill apparellled.

*Stip.* Put the case the second time. *Ant.* But now you see how strangely altered. *Stip.* Well put the case againe.

*Ant.* VVhat vvill you say now to the man that shall Pet you into the same condition?

Recover you from rag's and Ruffet, and



*The Riuall Friends.*

Dye you in scarlet : lick that rude lump your body  
Into the shape, and garbe o'th court? or (once)  
Make you a gentleman as I am now?  
Would you not thanke him *Stripes*? ha? would you not  
thanke him?

*Strip.* Thanke him Mr. *Ieffry*? I, with all my heart.

*Ant.* Set him at liberty then that will performe it.  
Quickly vnloose me? [*Hee vntyes him.*]

*Strip.* I, I by'r Lady? will you so Mr. *Ieffry*? will you so?  
goe to, goe to, a gentleman? sayd you mee so? I con you thanke  
Mr. *Ieffry*.

*Ant.* So, now will I vnfold the mysterie.  
But first you here shall promise mee that you  
Will take noe prentises to learne your trade,  
When I haue taught you the art; you will impouerish  
The *herald's* office, and forestall his market.

*Strip.* No truely Mr. *Ieffry*. *Ant.* I am satisfied;  
Seest thou that tree? 'twas made for thy aduancement.  
Giue mee thy hands that I may tye them quickly.

*Strip.* Are you avis'd o' that? *Ant.* What doe you meane?  
You'le bee preuented by another—— death!  
Yonder comes one will be before you—— quickly  
There's such a vertue (man) in this same tree,  
That who-soere is bound vnto it, shall  
Be turn'd immediately to a gentleman.

Nay come. *Strip.* but is this true? *Ant.* beleaue your eyes.  
Heart of my father, man! youle bee preuented.

*Strip.* A gentleman? sayd you me so? goe to, goe to, [*He tyes*  
Good Master *Ieffry* quickly—— to but stay. *Stripes* to the tree.]  
When I'me a gentieman may I not vse, my old trade of sheep-  
herd still? I would not leaue it. *Ant.* O, and inclose; 'tis all in  
fashion. *Strip.* I, I, by'r Lady? thats well, but stay againe.

*Ant.* Nay you are like to stay now, I haue you fast enough

*Strip.* 'Sdnds, if thou be'st a good coniuurer make me a knight  
to. I haue a pestilent itch after a knighthood.

*Ant.* You must take gentleman first 'ich way.

*Strip.* Let mee skip gentleman good Mr. *Ieffry*, 'duds  
I know knights in this countrey that neuer were  
Gentlemen—but vpsolue me this question? can you make  
My daughter *Merda* a gentleman too? *Ant.* A gentle woman



*The Riual Friends.*

*Stripes* I can. *Strip.* I, I, so I meant it — *Merda, Merda,*  
A bet on you, *Merda*, are you dreaming againe?

*Ant.* O for some nimble pated fellow now  
To make an *Ob'ron* of. *Low.* He furnish thee.

There is a notable witty bedlam begging  
At our back gate iust now. I'll fetch him to thee.

*Ant.* It thou dost loue mee, doe. — *Exit Loveall.*

*Strip.* Why *Merda*, you'l come when your nowne father calls?

ACT. 5. SCENE 5.

*Merda. Stripes. Anteros. Loveall. A Bedlam.*

*Merda.* What doe you say Father forsooth?

*Strip.* That's a good girl. Nay thee's towardly enough,  
Thee'l quickly learne. Why doe you stare so on Mr. *Icoffry*?

*Merda.* What man is this Father?

*Strip.* Come you'r a toole, let that man alone. Wee shall bee  
gentlefolkes our selues my chucken, giue him your hands to ty  
I say, be obedient.

Thou presently shalt see thine owne sweet father,  
As fine as hee, and thou my litle Sweet-lipp's  
Shalt be a gentlewoman too, goe to, good *Icoffry* tye her hands.

*Ant.* How *Icoffry*? *Sis.* Good Mr. *Icoffry*.

*Ant.* That's another thing.

*Mer.* Father forsooth shall I haue as fine cloth's on as Mistris  
*Urslly* forsooth?

*Strip.* O! she's halfe turn'd already: forsooth and a curtesy at eue-  
ry word; Mrs. *Urslly*? thou shalt put Mrs. *Urslly* into a pint pot.

*Merda.* O the Lord! pray you forsooth Sir who so ere you are  
doe mee quickly forsooth. *Ant.* But here's not rope enough.

*Strip.* Take off your garter quickly you *Maukin* you.

*Mer.* Here forsooth. And father, must I take place of my  
mother when I'm a Gentlewoman?

*Ant.* Good. *Strip.* Marry shalt thou *goldy locks*, and be a Li-  
dy, and contemne her.

Call her the good old country woman too.

*Ant.* *Stripes*, but one word more and then I'll leaue you  
Vnto your new creation — haue you nothing  
Within your house to couer you? the crows  
Perhaps may bee too impudent and saucy  
With you, and now you can not helpe your selfe you know.

*Strip.*

*The Riual Friends.*

*Stip.* I, I by'r Lady? 'twas well thought vpon,  
Good Mr. *Ieoffry* step into my house, [He goes out and re-  
You there shall finde my cloake, vse that. *turnes presently with a*

*Ant.* 'Tis of a swooping cut, but now be sure *long gray cloak.*  
You doe not speake a word what noisse so ere  
You chance to heare, perhaps the *fairy King*  
Will take some pawse, study a while, consult  
With his *Queene Mab* about you how to polish  
And frame you of a purer shape then ordinary.  
Doe you marke that? *St.* not a word good *Stipes*.

*Stip.* Ah sweet Mr. *Ieoffry*. [Enter *Loveall*

*Ant.* Peace and catch a mouse cry I. *with a Bedlam.]*

*Love.* Come on braue *Tom*, come on braue *Tom*. Remember your instructions *Tom*.

*Bedl.* Let braue *Tom* alone. Let braue *Tom* alone.

*Ant.* A most *authentick* rogue, how he does stretch it?  
*paratragediate?*

*Bedlam* *Newly from a pounc'd Trade, and*  
sings. *A broyl'd Piper, King of Fayry land*  
*I Ob'ron doe arise, to see*

*What mortall Fortune here hath tyed vnto my sacred Tree.*

*Stip.* O Mr. *Ieoffry*, is that *Ob'rum*? Pray you let me see him. [*Ant* lifts up the cloake and *Stipes* sees him.]

Is this *Ob'rum*? 'sduds, hee is but poorely parrelled him selfe  
me thinkes. *Ant.* *St.* *Stip.* Peace and catch a mouse cry I, but  
once more good Mr. *Ieoffry*. Let me haue but *Ant* lifts up the  
one sight more of him. Mr. *Ieoffry* does hee *cloake againe.*  
vse to giue away his cloathes when hee makes *gentlesolkes*?  
'sduds I doubt he has none left for me.

*Ant.* What doe you meane? *Stip.* Peace and catch a mouse  
cry I. *Mer.* Good father let mee see *Ob'rum* too: ah, hee has a  
horn like a *Tom* of *Bedlam*. *Stip.* Peace, I wu'd not for the best  
cow in my yard that he should heare thee.

*Bedlam* *Beest thou ruder then was e're*  
sings. *The halfe excrement of a Beare,*  
*Or rougher then the Northerne winde*  
*Cam'st thou of a Satyres kind.*

*Be whatsoeuer thou can'st be.*

*So thou shalt remaine for mee.*

*Ant.* Did you heare that *Stipes*? *Stip.* I, good Master  
*Ieoffry*

*The Rival Friends.*

*Ieffry*, stand farther you great baggage and make roome for your rather's proaching greatnesse.

*Ant.* But see my father, *Lovesall*. 'Pray thee conuey away the *Bedlam* any whether, carry him into your house againe and shoote him out at the back dore. *Love.* *Anteros*, I'll leaue you to your busines. I'll in and fetch an other hat. Come braue *Tom*. *Bed.* Let braue *Tom* alone. [*Ex. Lou. & Bedlam.*] *Ant.* The *Iustice* too, 'tis so. Now am I hunted for about a wedding.

ACT. 5. SCE. 6.

*Iustice Hooke, Terpander, Anteros Mrs. Vrsly.*

*Hooke.* *Terpander*, you haue heard how much this match May both concerne you and your Sonne, your fortunes :

The greater part of your inheritance

You know is mortgag'd to mee, nay (Ile tell you)

If I would vse that rigour of the law

'Tis forfeited and past recovery ;

Thinke therefore quickly, if you would be free

From all those cares and troubles which afflict

Such as do liue in debt, compell your Son

To marry this my daughter. *Ant.* I am a witch,

A witch, a witch a rancke, Harke thinking witch.

*Hooke.* It is an ample dowrie I confesse,

And liue 'tis agreeing to my nature

To buy a husband at so deare a rate,

But I haue something that sounds father in mee ;

And must not looke a daughter, if there bee

A remedy in nature. True it is,

That (by what angry Deity I know not)

Shee has so fixt her loue vpon your Son,

That I doe thinke naught but a quick fruition

Can rescue her from a death. *Ter.* Good *Iustice Hooke*,

I doe confesse your offer's fayre, and would

Accept it willingly, but that—*Hooke.* But what ?

*Ter.* I feare my Son will not agree vnto't.

*Ant.* Sir had you ta'ne an oath vpon the same

I would haue borne your sin, had you beene periur'd.

*Ter.* You know he hates all women. *Hooke.* very good.

Is he not your's, and vnder your command ?

Wee fathers make our children refractory,

By being too indulgent over them ;



*The Rival Friends.*

Besides, I am perswaded that his virtues  
Will not permit him son to contradict  
Th' authority of a father.

*Ant.* Oye God!  
Can ye permit this Villaine to profane  
The sacred name of Vertue thus, who himselfe  
Is nothing els but a meere heape of vices?

*Ter.* I ever yet found him obedient,  
Nor doe I doubt to win him now: how ever,  
I am resolv'd if he in this shall crosse me,  
I'll disinherite him immediately.

*Ant.* All this it come to that already: well,  
Prepare thy selfe now: *As far as for the encounter.*

*Hooke,* But see your sonne, tis your best course at first  
T' accost him gently. *Ter.* How now my son? how fare you?

*Ant.* I am not well fir. *Ter.* How not well? your colour  
Does not proclaim you very sick, but say

*Ant.* I have something in my eyes that troubles me.

*Ter.* What's that? *Ant.* A more, a woman. *Ter.* After the  
Come on my son, I have bin seeking of you, (old fashio still?  
And peradventure you may guesse the cause.

*Ant.* I would I could not. *Hooke.* Hold up your head my  
And summon your best looks into your face. (daughter

*Ter.* As I did walk even now into my pasture,  
I did begin to thinke. *Ant.* That I was old,  
That must be true. (in yeares;

*Ter.* That now I was stricke in yeares. *Ant.* Good, stricke  
And could he not as frugally have dispatcht it  
In that one word of old? *Ter.* And —

*Ant.* That it will be a comfortable sight  
To see you married before I dye.

*Ter.* That it will be a comfortable sight  
To see you marry'd before my death.

*Ant.* I told you so, it is the common roade  
Which they all use when they would put a wife  
Vpon the son. I wonder all this while

The staffe of his age, propp. of his family  
Did not come in. *Ter.* Whilist I was thinking thus,

Old justice *Hooke*, a Gentleman of rank,  
And of a family not to be despis'd,  
Came to me with his daughter and desir'd



*The Rival Friends.*

Our friendship and affinitie; and to be briefe,  
We haue concluded 'twixt yee two a marriage,  
Which must be present; as for the portion,  
H'as promis'd in the wedding fire to sacrifice  
The Bonds wherein our Lands stand forfeited.  
A thing beyond my hopes, or your desires.

*Ant.* A pox upon that ~~abuse~~ under the garb,  
There's mischief ever toward's: I never knew  
One of that garbe that prov'd an honest man.

'Tis the grane cheating posture of the crier.

*Ter.* What's that you mutter to your selfed to me speake.

*Ant.* I am contented fit. *Ter.* Well said my son.

*Ant.* But upon this condition, that it shall  
Be lawful too for me to sacrifice  
Unto the afore-said fire, the trifle

Of mine. *Ho.* Whats that? *Ant.* My wife, your faire daughter.

*Ter.* One of your wretches. *Ho.* Sir, my son and nay.  
It cannot be afforded cheaper. *Ho.* Wretch.

And profane person. *Ter.* Sir, I shon for thou wiltaine

Hast thou no more regard to the father?

Nor to his daughter? *Ho.* I shon for thou wiltaine

Doest studie his undoing?

*Ant.* But father, if I carry her to day

When must the wooing be? to morrow?

*Ho.* Thou shalt not need to wooe her.

Shee is mine owne already.

Would you was hang'd fir for the newes?

*Ter.* Pish, come, I

I will not spend an article of ayre

Vpon him more — good M. Ho. I see you goe,

The following houre shall see him no son of mine.

*Ho.* O, mildly fir. *Ant.* It is the will of

By all the starres, they have consulted, plotted

To make me miserable. *Ho.* Go, *Ter.* pander,

You are too harsh with him. I know your sonne

Does more esteeme of *Ter.* and *Ho.*

*Ant.* Good Master *Ter.* a word in private

(A little farther, yet a little farther)

How came you by that strange word

You us'd but now? had you chanc'd

Or was it lent you of a friend?

*Ho.* What

*The Rivall Friends.*

*Hoo.* What word good *Anteros?* *Ant.* Religious  
For I am sure yet thou never hadst,  
Nor ever wilt haue any of thine owne.

*Hoo.* O profane person! *Ter.* This once I speake it.  
Wilt haue his daughter? *Ant.* What shall I answer him?  
I shall be dis-inherited that's certaine.

*Ter.* He melts, *M<sup>r</sup> Hooke*, hee melts, I feele him comming.  
Hee is our owne. *Ant.* But why so suddenly?  
Good sir, at least giue me some time to think.

*Ter.* Never hope it. *Ant.* But why fir to day?

*Ter.* Because it pleaseth him it most concernes.

*Ant.* Doe but deferr it till to morrow sir,  
(Could I obtaine but this request, I was happy, *aside.*  
I'd keepe to morrow in another world)

*Ter.* Vntill to morrow? not for an houre: I know  
Your disposition sonne too well for that.

I haue you now, but where you'l be next day,  
Hee's wiser then your father that does know.

*Ant.* But father, I beseech you heare. *Ter.* But son  
I will not heare, I tell you. Master *Hooke*,  
You here doe giue your daughter? *Hoo.* Willingly.

*Anteros*, receiue thy loving wife. *Ter.* How now?  
You will not urge me? — goe too, doe not doe it.

*Ant.* O that mine armes are now at libertie!  
O *Stripes*, happiest man aliue, thou hast  
No hands to make a *contract*, — is there never  
A *Mouse-hole* hereabouts to creepe into?  
But stay awhile, my paper portion.

The writings. *Hoo.* Take them. *Ant.* You'r an honest man.

[*He giues them him, & Ant. teares the in pieces.*]

Tis right. *Hoo.* Now take your wife.

*Ant.* I wish you a *Barber* sir.

Is that faire Edifice yours? *Hoo.* It is my sonne.

*Ant.* Gooder and gooder still; my son? then take  
My counsell sir, go to your house and purge,  
You will be mad else presently; prevent  
The current of the humour, for I see  
(With that poore little reading which I haue  
I'th volume of man) by your distempered looks,  
That some strange deepe, and conquering *Melancholy*

*The Rivall Friends.*

E're long will seize you: why doe you follow me?  
 Thus with your *braided* ware? nay never frowne,  
 Good M<sup>r</sup> *Iustice*, let's haue no *Warrants* made,  
 Nor *Mittimusses* with your distorted looks;  
 Wee haue a forehead too, and can looke grim,  
 And make as ugly and prodigious faces,  
 As the most ignorant *Iustice* of you all.  
 But shall I tell you (sweet M<sup>r</sup> *Velvet-hose*)  
 What I will doe, because you were so kind,  
 For to deliuer in the Bonds for nothing?  
 Nay sir, I must transplant these thumbs, before  
 I can resolute you: so. — Thou'r a damn'd rascall,  
 And I will cut that throat of thine (doe you marke?)  
 And when I'ue done, will fillip that *morfell* woman,  
 On an *embassage* to my *Hawkes*, no more;  
 By heauens I'll do't. *Hoo*. Oh *Traytor*, *Miscreant*,  
 Daughter take heed; *Terpander*, O *Terpander*,  
 He threatens me to cut my throat. *Ter*. How's that?

*Ant*. Sir, you must pardon him, the man is mad.

*Hoo*. He sweares he will make *hawkesmeat* of my daughter.

*Ant*. On my virginittie sir, he does me wrong;  
 I did not charge a syllable upon him,  
 But fell as coolly from me as a *down*  
 Vpon a *drooping* field; each word I vented  
 Was steep'd in an hony-combe. I did but bid him  
 In a plaine, civill dialect to provide  
 An other husband for his daughter: for  
 I doubted that I should not be at leasure  
 This brace or two of yeeres to marry her:  
 And I may tell you sir, indeed I cannot.

*Hoo*. O, I am undone, cheate and gull'd, undone;  
 Villaine I'll bind thee to thy good behaviour.

*Ant*. I would you could sir, I would thank you for't:  
 But fie M<sup>r</sup> *Hooke*, a head of that silver dye,  
 A beard of such an honourable length,  
 For to bee gull'd? and so egregiously?  
 By a young man with ne're a haire o'ns face?

*Ter*. Come sonne, I doe not like these courtes, nor  
 Doe they become a Gentleman, I'll not haue  
 That contumely dwell on our family,



*The Rival Friends.*

That we should use such indirect proceedings  
For to reedifie our tottering fortunes.  
By all the *Magicks* in the name of *Father*  
I doe conjure thee; by this aged head,  
And these gray hayres, by thy dead *Mother's* *Vrse*,  
By all her cares and feares, by what is dearest  
Vnto thy soule, I charge thee, take his daughter.

*Ant.* Without all question I am the first, the first  
That ever pierie has made miserable.  
Well Master *Hooke*, you see what may be done,  
VVhat angry spirits a man may lay, while he  
Does stand secure within the circle of father.  
Your daughter I will haue; onely know this,  
There is another thing which belongs to her,  
Which I must haue too, that's the *Parsonage*;  
'Twas ever yet allotted for her portion,  
And I expect my right. *Hoo.* How? woe is me,  
I am undone. *Ant.* Before I stretch forth a paw  
Towards her, i'll haue it. *Vrs.* Father, good father let him,  
He will go back from's word els. *Ho.* Well, he shall haue it.  
Hold: by the vertue of this writing, it  
Is lawfull for you (after old *Linelyes* death)  
For to present the first. *Fy, fy, fy, fy.*  
I had this drawne (alas) for another end.

*Ant.* My law does tell mee it will doe. Come on,  
Since there's no remedy, let's even to't.  
Yes hangman, I forgiue thee heartily,  
'Tis but thy office. *Hoo.* Come *Terpander*, we  
VVill keepe the wedding at my house, but heare you?  
The cost and charges shall be yours. *Ter.* Agreed,  
Most willingly. Follow me sonne and daughter.

[*She sits downe, & puls stones out of her pocket*]

*Vrse.* Come husband. *Anteros*, will you play at chackstones  
VVith me? *Ant.* Follow, follow, follow, follow,  
I will bee there immediatly: nay goe.

ACT. 5. SCEN. 7.

*Anteros, Stipes, Merda ad arborem.*

*Ante.* So, I haue made a fine dayes worke of this:—  
Well, there's no remedy, it must be so.



*The Rival Friends.*

But I must take my leave in forme : Farewell  
Yee chimney gods, protectours of our family;

*Stipes.* *Stip.* A bott's vpon you, that same tongue  
Of yours must needs be wagging. *Mer.* Indeed Father  
I did not speake a word, no that I did not.

*Stip.* Wee must begin againe now for your tattling,  
Did not the Gentleman command vs silence?

*Ant.* *Stipes* adiew, I am exceeding sorry  
I cannot stay to see you a Gentleman.

*Spruce M.* *Noddle*, euen adiew to you.

Good *M.* *Mungrell*, kinde Sir *Hammer shin.*

Sweet *M.* *William*, I am *Melancholly*

To part with you as I am a liuing faule.

A C T. 5. S C E. 8.

*Anteros.* *Loneall.*

*Lou.* Why whether in such hast? *Ant.* To banishment.

My name is written in the oyster shell;

I am too happy in a wife *Iack Loneall*,

My fellow Cittizens doe enuie me.

Farewell. *Lou.* In troth I thanke you hartily,

I hope you'l first deliuer back againe

My Sword and Hatt. *Ant.* By my best wishes *Iack*

I thought not of them; pray thee take them to thee.

*Lou.* I will take thee my little *Cupid-whipper.*

You must not goe. *Ant.* Let me alone good *Loneall*,

Doest thou not heare how with an euengale

That Southwest winde murmurs amongst the trees?

Within these foure and twenty houres I may

Touch on the *Belgick* shore. *Lou.* The *Belgick* shore?

What wilt thou doe there man? *Ant.* Ple traile a pike,

Turne *Lanceprezado*, or *Bedee*, or any thing

To patch vp a wretched life. *Lou.* You'l turne a coxcombe.

*Ant.* I neuer shall endure to liue a husband

The very name of wife will turne my stomack.

I shall haue threescore vomits in a day.

*Lou.* What wilt thou say now *Anteros* if I set thee

As free from this same marriage, as the childe

Which ten moneths since was but an Embryo?

*Ant.* Thou canst not. *Lou.* I can doe it, feare it not.

*Ant.*

*The Rival Friends.*

*Ant.* Thou canst not man; 'tis past recovery.

*Lon.* What wilt thou give me if I doe effect it?

*Ant.* Give thee? I'll sacrifice my selfe vnto thee.  
My *Iupiter*, build vp a Temple for thee  
Shall take the heavens from *Atlas* shoulders, and  
Give him a *lubile* for ever. — *Speake.*

Hee shall be at leasure all the rest of his life,  
For to catch *Butterflies*. — But you doe mock mee,

Farewell. *Lon.* But stay. *Ant.* Doe but effect it Iacke,

And I will straight make warre vpon the *Turke*,

Give thee his *Diademe* and *Scepter*. — *Speake.*

The *Persian* shall be the *Master* of thy Horse,

The *Germane* I will make thy *cup-bearer*.

*Lon.* Ha, ha, he. And so I shall haue all my drink drunk vp,  
Thank you for that. *Ant.* Nay wilt thou speake, or else

Let me be gone. — The *Duke* of *Italy*

Shall be thy *footboy*. *Lon.* Here's a brane promiser!

Why this out does the Court, but dost thou heare?

How wilt thou doe all this? *Ant.* Nay troth I know not,

But I will doe it, and let that suffice.

*Lon.* Well then be silent. — *Placema* the Shepheards wife

Soone as she heard a marriage was in motion

Betwixt my Kinswoman and your selfe, came running

To me in hast, and cry'd what doe they meane?

It is not fit, nor can it be (vnlesse

That they will violate the *lawes* of *Nature*):

That *Anteros* should haue this Gentlewoman;

I aske the cause, the *Midwife* answereth

Because she is his *Sister*. *Ant.* How? my *Sister*?

*Lon.* And is it possible that this is true?

*Lon.* True. *Ant.* Stay. *Lon.* Nay wilt you heare with patience?

Or else — *Ant.* as silent as a *midnight* minute,

Or else a *Counsellour* without a fee,

I'll stand and heare, and suck it in, and — *Lon.* Yet?

*Ant.* Pue done. *Lon.* Then heare; it seem's that *Dorothea*

My Vncles wife, some seuentene yeares agoe

Supposing shee had bene with childe, provided

Such necessaries for her, as a woman

That is in her estate might stand in neede of;

'Twas fam'd about the Country: but at last

*The Rival Friends.*

She found her selfe deluded by a sympathy; on instant T. said  
 But fearing lest she should prove the rable talke o' th' countrey,  
 Takes counsell with *Placenta* for to faigne  
 A birth, and to that ende employeth her  
 (Being a *Midwife*) to procure for money,  
 The Childe of some poore woman new deliver'd.  
 At the same time it fortun'd *Anteros*  
 That your mother cryed for *Innos* helpe,  
 Which she obtrayned, and was deliver'd  
 Of this your *Sister*, whom when she perceiv'd  
 To be deformed, and distort; at length  
 She was or'come by th' *Midwife* for to part  
 With her new purchac'd Infant, 't was agreed,  
 And the birth straight given out to be *shortize*,  
 And which is more, beleev'd, and set to colour  
 The matter o're the better, they did bury  
 An empty coffin. In the meane time your sister  
 Was secretly convey'd into my *Aunt*,  
 VVho presently did faigne to be in travaile,  
 And was deliver'd in conceit of *Mer*,  
 VVho but a while agoe was call'd your wife,  
 'T was not long after, but the brace of mothers  
 Did travails both together to the dead,  
 And left my vncle a supposed daughter,  
 You have the history. *Ant.* And with it heaven,  
 And immortality. (*O Lonsell, Lonsell*)  
 By all the Deities I could embrace thee  
 For this thy happy newes, wert thou a woman.

*Love.* But what sh'come of all your promises?

*Ant.* O tis a taste, a spice of greatness, *Jark*  
 To promise. *Love.* And to performe just nothing.

*Ant.* You doe not heare me say so. VVhat's the matter?

ACT V. SCENE 1.

*Hooke, Lonsell, Anteros, the 6, Schollers.*

*Lone.* But see the wooers are discarded quite  
 My vncle beates them out of doores. *Hooke.* You villainest  
 Out of my house yes breed of caterpillars  
 Sonne of a hedge and *Adone* *Shine* *goe* *fy* *fy* *fy*

O mi



*The Rivall Friends.*

O misery beyond — come out you rascal,  
And bring your piping nose along with you ; —  
A fire upon this hollow raffe of yours,  
'Tis like your heart — out rogues, and ruffians —  
O I am undone. — *Exit.*

*Ant.* Ha, ha, he. *Loveall*, these men are mine ;  
I am the *Patron* of the living now,  
Dost thou see this? *Lon.* I heard as much within.

*Ant.* I will behave my selfe most scurvily,  
Like to some surly crabbed *Patron* now,  
That has some 6, or 7 tyr'd horses tyed  
At s dore. How now? *Zea. Patron.*

[*He salutes Anteros Winking, He in the meane time cuts  
away the blacke box that hung at his girdle.*

*Ant.* What sayes my *Client*?

*Loveall*, I pray thee catechize this box,  
Ther's good stuffe in't I warrant thee. *Zea. Good Patron.*

*Arthur.* Heare me Sir, I'll dispatch it in three words,  
This is a tedious *Assè*, and readeth nought  
But *English Treatises.* *Zea.* Sir, will it please you  
To take particular notice? — *Tem. Sir. Stu. But Patron—*

*Omnes. Patron. Ant.* Who! now the *sent* growes hot, 'tis  
The *game's* in view. Haup, --rate them there--no more (*ranck*,  
You Sir, that are the *ring-leader* of this rout.—

*Zea. Kings be profane. Ant.* 'Sdeath! what a pack of rogues  
Are got together here? what is your name?

*Zeal. Zealous Knowlittles. Ant. Zealous Knowlittles? good;  
Of which Vniversitie? Zeal. Of both the Vniversities.*

*Ant.* A very likely thing: good M<sup>r</sup> Knowlittles  
Separate your selfe a little from the people.

*Zeal.* With all my heart, I'll separate. *Ant.* Your name?

*Temp.* My name is *Tempest Almonth* sir.

*Ant.* How? *Tempest Almonth?* where are thy *braines* man?

*Arth.* He has not any. *Ant.* Beare him company.

*Lowe.* What haue we here? *Item*, to send forth tickets  
To all the *Brethren* that doe inhabite  
Within this Shire, to giue them *intimation*,  
That *M. Mother-tongue* stands the first of *Iune*.

*Ant.* You that are next him? *Arm. Arthur Armestrong* sir.

*The Rival Friends*

*Ant.* You there *Colosse*? *Stutch*: My name is *Stutchell Lega*.

*Ant.* Troth, and thou art well underlay'd indeed,  
A couple of foot-ball players I warrant them.

*Low.* Item: — a pox upon't, here's bawdery,  
He rake nos deeper in this puddle. — so.

*Ans.* And what must we call you? *Gan*: *Ganimede Eilpot*.

*Ant.* Thou should'st be a good fellow by thy name.  
Come on; what glorious title I beseech you  
Has bounteous Nature fixt on you: nay open.

*Hugo*: My name is *Hugo obligation*.

*Ant.* How? *Hugo obligation*? 'pray thee *Loveall*  
Is not this shorne bearde villaine the precise *Scriveneur*,  
Would faine turne *Priest*? *Low*: The very same I take it.

*Ant.* Meddle not with me *lack*. Nay doe not hold me.  
A whoreson *Inkebottle*, and two skins of parchment, He draws  
Dares he hope for my sister, and a living? his Swords.  
You slave, are *Parsonages* in this age so cheape?

*Low*: 'Pray thee *Anteros*. *Ant*: Doe not entreat me *Loveall*,  
He dyes: this hat is not more mortified.

*Low*: 'Pray thee be quiet. *Ant*: Hang him, a death's too good  
For such a rascal. — Sirrah, 'le cut indentur's  
Vpon your skin. And here's another Villayne,  
Whose very countenance speaks *Servingman*,  
*Filpot* come hither. *Low*: Nay but *Anteros*.

*Ant*: Death man! our *Universities* doe swarme,  
They have more Schollers then they know to spend  
While they are *Sweet*: and I must suck *Rogues* as these,  
Whose height of knowledge, is to spit and snuffle,  
And talke some 3. houres *man-sense*, shoulder them  
Out of their places? what is't that makes so many  
Of our quick witt's turne *lesuits*, and forsake  
Both their *Religion*, and their *Country*, thinke you?  
Sirrah, noe more then thus, lye and thou dyest.  
Have not you beene a *Serving-man* sometimes?

*Gan*: Yes truly sir, I'll not deny't, I was  
Agent'emans butler once. *Ant*: I told you so.  
The very chipping's hang in's eye-brow's still,  
His face unto this instant minute shines  
With broken beere that was his fees, stand by,

And

*The Rivall Friends.*

And doe not hope so large a benefit  
From me as to be kill'd, live, live, unhappy.

You M. *know* little know you whose box is this?

*Zeal:* Truly 'tis mine, verily. *Ant:* Away you stinkards,  
I wilbe visited no more to day.

Avoyde I say. Have I not done it well? *Exeunt Suitors.*

*Lon:* Oh noe, you want the pawties, and the hums,  
And the grave thumbe under the girdle too.

*Ant:* Oh, that's for old living brokers, I'me a young one.

*Lon.* You must indent then with them, for to keepe you  
Some *hounds* or *cocks*, and get a handsome wife  
To entertaine you. *Ant.* A wife? a thunderbolt  
Is entred me, pray thee no more. *Lon:* How now?

ACTVS 5. SCENA 10.

*Justice Hooke, Terpander, Mistris Vrsly, Loveall, Anteros, Placentia, Neander, Constantina (as dead,) brought in by two of Lively's servants, three Fiddlers, one of them carries all the fiddles, and Neanders sword, the other two leade him in.*

*Hooke.* And get you packing too, thou olde impostor,  
With your distorted nupper here; and you  
That make the custardes quake where ere you come,  
Thou enemy to sweet meats. *Ter. Mr. Hooke*  
'Twould rellish more of wisedome if you did  
Beare out this matter coolely. Come my daughter.

*Hook.* O me! the very boy's will laugh at me.

*Ter.* *Anteros* salute your sister, and embrace her.

*Ant.* I am undone againe! what shall I doe  
*Loveall?* *Lon.* What shall you doe? why kisse her man.

*Ant:* Sister god save you, — and as much to you  
My never-to-be-hereafter father in law.

*Hook:* Woe's me! what shall I say? what shall I doe?  
I have given in the mortgage, and without money.  
But what new spectacle is this? *Lon:* Whats heere?  
How? the dead body of a gentle-woman?

*Pla:* Is this *Neander*? 1 *Rust.* Hold the cut-throat fiddlers  
Whilst we doe bring this gentlewoman 'fore the justice.

2 *Rust:* A kind and loving husband sure, that has.



*The Rivall Friends.*

Made a fayre hand on's wife thus the first day.

*Lon:* Ha? what is this I see? O trayterous eyes:  
Can I believe ye any more? my sister?

*Constantina?* *Hook:* How's that? *Pla:* It cannot be.

*Lon:* 'Tis she. O partiall heavens! but yet it is not,  
'Tis not long since I left my sister safe

Within her chamber, and in another habit —

By all the powers 'tis she — I doe profane

The god's; it is not she, it is not. — once more.

The *twins* of *Leda* were not halfe so like.

I'll be resolv'd immediatly. *1 Rust:* Good M. justice, *Exit.*

I pray you heare me. As we did daunce even now

In your North field, we found this gentlewoman,

Lying all along (as to say) even quite dead,

And this her husband with his naked sword

Standing hard by her. *Hook:* Another riddle yet.

Her husband? ha? Why is not this *Neander*

One of the *rivall's* in my daughters love?

*2 Rust.* Ander, or Pander, wee know not that,

But 'tis her husband, that wee'r sure of

Is he not *Robbin*? *1 Rust.* I that he is our *Edward*,

We both were present when they were detracted.

*2 Rust.* Subtracted you foole. But as I sayd before

Seeing him stand so desperatly with his sword

We stole behind him, and so caught him.

*Ant:* A valiant act believ't. Good sir, let's goe.

*Pla:* Ah *Constantina*, ah good heart! was this

The journey you intended? *Ant:* Sir, I beseech you —

We shall be poyson'd with these womens sighs *He offers*

'Tis worse then a *Germane* hot-house. *Ter:* *Anteros* to goe.

Stay, we will see the end of this.

*Hook:* Fye, fye, Hell is broke loose upon me: all her furies  
Are come at once t'assault me. *Con:* Ah *Cleopes*! *she revives*

*Nean:* She lives againe, O miracle of women!

*Con:* Where art thou *Cleopes*? *Nean:* Oh hated name,

Enough t'infect the world, but that it comes

Out of those lipps. *Pla:* Speake *Constantina*.

*Con.* What haue I to doe

With light or heaven? I will not live. *Pla:* O me!

*The Rivall Friends.*

Shee swounds againe. 1 *Rust.* Why doe you rub her head  
And face so much, you foolish woman you?  
Let me alone, I'll find her wound I warrant you.

*Pla.* Forbeare, or I'll find that swines face of yours.

*She strikes him.*

*Const.* I am too bad for hell, they'l not receiue me,  
They are afraid I should infect those soules,  
Those vertuous soules which doe inhabit there.

*Nean.* Art thou not softned yet *Neander*? Ha?  
Hadst thou an heart cut out 'oth *Diamond* rocke,  
Sure this would melt it. *Const.* O my *Cleopes*!

1 *Rust.* What will you giue fir, and I will let you  
Shift for your selfe? *Nean.* What thou deservest villaine.

2 *Rust.* Halfe part, or else she shall not go. *Nea.* Take halfe.

*He breakes loose, and beats them out.*

I will divide my gifts betwixt yee — there.  
Thou *Temple* of Vertue, sayrest *Constantina*. —

*Const.* Oh I shall die againe if I see him.

*Nean.* But will you liue if I doe presently  
Make a divorce betwixt you and *Neander*?  
And place you in the armes of him you so  
Loue, and adore, your *Cleopes*? *Const.* You cannot.

*Nean.* Thou'rt all *divinitie*, indeed I cannot.  
See where *Pandora* comes; but now I can.  
Behold my *Lucius*.

ACT. 5. SCE. II.

*Laurentio, Lucius, Endymion, Pandora,  
Isabella, cum ceteris.*

*Laur.* Nay, I will still persist to follow thee  
Basest of men. *End.* Good father. *Luc.* Suffer him;  
His tongue has learn'd the palse from his hands;  
Alas hee's old, and must bee pardon'd for't.  
But what imports this multitude? and see *Neander*  
With his Boy-bride. *Pandora*, sweetest Lady —

*Ant.* An other tempest! where shall I shelter me?

*Luc.* By all the joyes in Loue, by all the sorrowes,  
By all his *Roses*, and his *Worme-wood*, take

*The Rival Friends.*

Thy thoughts from me, and let them doubled fall  
Vpon my friend *Neander*. — Fairest soule,  
Doe but contemplate that most curious frame  
Of man, in what a pleasing *harmonie*  
Nature has married all those provinces  
His limbes together: view but his sparkling eye,  
And reade divinitie there; looke on his hayre,  
Survey his face, and see how Majestie  
And sweetnesse there doe striue for victory,  
And still the issue's doubtfull. *Neander*. *Lucius*,  
Thou shalt not overcome; disguise farewell.  
O thou that art the shame of all thy sexe,  
Faire *Constantina*, yet not halfe so faire  
As vertuous, here behold thy *Cleopes*;

*Hee discovers himselfe.*

*Neander's* vanish'd; why doe you wonder so?

I doe confesse I lou'd that Gentlewoman,

And for her loue I tooke on this disguise,

And here for thine I put it off againe,

And on my bended knee doe begg my pardon

For all the wrong I've done thee *Ant. Cleopes*!

*Hoo*. It is a miracle: but the bonds, the living.

*Pla*. O heavens! 'tis he, most happy *Constantina*!

*Const*. My *Cleopes*? grant me some respite joy

Before thou kilst me — Oh my *Cleopes*!

Whom doe I embrace? into whose armes am I fallen?

*Cleo*. O constant virgin! *Const*. But how shall I hereafter  
Giue any credit to my senses? O

*Placenta*, courteous *Midwife*, pray thee tell mee,

Where am I now? in heaven? *Pla*. Bridle your passion.

*Luc*. Am I my selfe? or doe I dreame all this?

*Cleo*. *Lucius*, take truce with wonder, I am *Cleopes*,

And I doe hope though now I weare that name,

As deare to thee as when I heard *Neander*.

You may remember when as first the beautie

Of fayre *Pandora* did attract your eyes

To wonder, and to loue, that I was then

A busie wooer unto *Constantina*:

But so it pleased *Cupid*, that while I



*The Rivall Friends.*

Drew out a languishing and luke-warme suit  
To her, the vigour of *Pandora's* beames,  
(As doth the *Sun* unto our *culmar* fire)  
Did quite extinguish that same petty flame.  
Thinking it vaine t'attempt her in that shape,  
I presently did take some discontent,  
And fain'd a journey into *Belgia*,  
And not long after tooke on this disguise,  
And return'd hither; where I haue remain'd  
Your *Rivall*, and *capitall* friend together:  
And (which I wonder at the most) unknowne:  
You haue my *Metamorphosis*. But sweet,  
How cam'st thou 'pray thee, unto Mr. *Limely*?  
And by what trickes did he inveagle thee  
Vnto this contract, since thou didst not know  
That *Cleopes* was there invisible?

*Com.* My better *Genius*, you shall heare within  
The story whole, it is too tedious  
To be told here: *Cleo*. But now *Pandora*, why  
Stand you so dully here, and doe not flie  
Into his strict embraces, who alone  
Loues you, and who alone deserues your loue?

*Luc.* Doe I loue her? doe I deserue her loue?  
Hast thou (sweet friend) for me forsaken her,  
Whom thou didst prize 'boue thine owne proper soule?  
And now hast married her whom thou didst flie?  
And all for my sake, and shall I thus repay thee?  
But for her loue thou ne're hadst been *Neander*;  
And but for mine hadst been *Neander* still;  
Friend *Cleopes*, or if thou wilt *Neander*,  
(Vnder both titles most belov'd of me)  
Was shee all *Venus*, did each haire of hers  
Fetter a Loue, were there as many *Cupids*  
That hover'd o'e her head, as there be lights  
VVhich guild yon *Marble* roofe, by them I sweare,  
By all that's *Sacred*, by what ever flies  
The touch of mortall eye, I sweare againe,  
I would disclaime her and her loue for ever.

*Pand.* Troth *Lucine*, I doe pitie you, that doe

*The Revall Friends.*

Spend so much breath unto so little end,  
VVhat need all these deepe protestations?  
I care not *this* for all your loue, nor yet  
For your friend *Ianus* there with the two faces;  
Nor do I think ye men. *Luc.* So quickly? *Pan.* Yes.  
I doe confesse I am a woman; see,  
Here is the man has wonne what ye haue lost;  
Stout souldiers sure, that when the Citie gates  
VVere open to yee, darst not enter in.

*Luc.* O *Isabella*, 'tis for thy sake I know  
That all these miseries doe happen mee.  
(Forgiue mee good *Laurentio*) *Isabella*,  
At length I haue experience what it is  
To loue an *outside*, the meere *barks* of woman,  
And to forsake an *inward* vertue: but  
If once I haue thee in possession more —

[*Redit in scenam Loueall cum Isabella*]

*Loue.* Follow mee *Witch*, *deuill*, *strumpet*, *prostitute*.

*Isab.* Ah whither will he drag mee? oh my heart!

*Loue.* What haue yee done with my dead sisters body?

*Con.* Thy sisters body now has got a soule.

(O my sweet *Cleopes*!) most welcome brother.

*Loue.* But doth she liue then? *Const.* And so happily,  
As I haue call'd it impudence to with

What I doe now enjoy. *Laur.* Whom doe I see?

My daughter *Isabella*? *Loue.* But is this *Cleopes*?

*Luc.* I dare not looke upon that wronged face.

*Const.* It is, and now thy sisters husband. *Cleo.* Brother,  
All health, all happinesse. *Loue.* More then all to you,  
Good *Cleopes*. — But dost thou liue, my sister?

Why wast thou dead but now? *Const.* Thou shalt heare that  
Some other time. *Laur.* Seest thou that virgin?

*End.* Yes, it is my sister *Isabella*. *Laur.* Peace.

*Isab.* I am undone! my father, and my brother.

Sir, I beseech you pardon what my loue,

And younger yeeres haue trespas'd. *Laur.* Rise my daughter;

Ioy will not suffer mee for to be angry.

Seest thou that face? *Isab.* It is *Endymion*

My brother. — Brother, God saue you. *End.* Sister!

*Laur.* Thy

*The Rival Friends.*

*Lau.* Thy Brother ? 'tis thy *traytour* that I meane,  
That has undone thee and thy name. *Isab.* 'Tis *Lucius*.

*Ant.* Sir I beseech you doe not hearken to him.

*Ter.* No more. *Ant.* A pox upon this honesty,  
It will vndoe us all : 'tis ten to one

But that his tender Conscience will perswade him  
To pay in the money for all this. *Luc.* Faire soule  
Canst thou forgine thy *Lucius* ? *Isa.* Canst thou loue

Thy *Isabella* ? *Luc.* Give me a man dares aske  
That question ? Good *Laurentio* let me craue

Your likeing and consent. *Lau.* Consent ? to what ?

*Luc.* To marry this your daughter. *Lau.* Marry my daugh-  
No periur'd wretch. *Isa.* Sir I beseech you grant it. (ter)

O *Lucius* ! O happy houre ! *Lau.* Thou hast her,  
And with her such a portion as shall please thee.

*Luc.* I will not heare of Portion, shee her selfe  
Is dowry enough to mee. — O *Isabella* !

*Pla.* What ? Is the *Player's* boy prov'd woman too ?

*Pan.* Father. *Hook.* I say trouble me not — the mortgage.

*Pan.* Sir I beseech you heare me. *Hook.* Fy, fy, fy.

*Pan.* And let me haue your approbation  
In this young Gentleman for my husband. *Hook.* O.

*Laur.* Perhaps sir you may doubt of his estate,  
But if you'll credit me, I can instruct you,  
I am his Father, hee mine onely Sonne,  
And (I doe thanke my stars) our fortun's are  
None of the meanest. Speake Sir, will you give  
Your daughter here, without a portion ?

*Hook.* Without a Portion ? take her what er'e thou art —  
So, So, that care is past yet, this a little

Help's out with th' other losses. *Ter.* Master *Hook,*  
You shall not frowne, since all things here doe smile ;  
To morrow I will pay you halfe your mony,  
So you will grant me a generall acquittance ;

'Tis in my power (you know) and I may chuse  
Whether I'll pay a farthing, but no more,

(There is a thing call'd conscience within me ;

And) you shall have it : therefore be frolike Sir.

*Hook.* Thou art an honest man. Yee are all honest, yee are all

O

*Enter*



*The Final Friends.*

*Enter Lively having heard the other Scene.*

*Liv.* All this while have I  
Employ'd mine eares about this businesse.  
Now shew thy selfe, and of what houle thou com'st.  
All health to this faire company — much ioy —  
Much happinesse — and a young Sonne to you ;  
Are you at leasure for to kill me yet ?  
You see I'me come againe. *Neam.* Let me embrace thee.  
Thou instrument of all our good. *Liv.* Yes, yes,  
I was a foole, knewe nothing, knewe inst nothing,  
Could not divine a whit, not tell, not tell,  
How this same geare would come to passe, not I ;  
How doe you like your *Lively* now ? your *Lively* ?

*Hook.* Wee will discourse of that within. *Terpander,*  
Sir will it please you follow ? you my Sonne,  
Gentl'men y'are all my guests to night. Mee  
Think's I am growne *Pestilent kind* vpon the suddayne,  
The Musicke too, wee will be merry, come,  
Nay come, come, take me while the humours hot.

[*Exeunt omnes, but Loveall and Anteros.*]

*Ant.* *Loveall*, a word : nay troupe on, let them troupe.

*Lov.* The newes ? *Ans.* Faith nothing but to take my leave,  
Bid you far well. *Lov.* Why so ? I pray thee stay,  
You're in I hope.

*Ant.* What among such a kennell  
Of women ? noe, *adieu.* *Lov.* Nay preethee goe.

*Ant.* Not for the *Fairy Kingdom.* *Wife.* Mr. *Loveall*,  
Sweet Mr. *Loveall.* *Mung.* *Anteros.* *Ant.* How now ?

*Mung.* As I am a gentleman, and an elder brother, I am almost  
choak'd. *Wife.* Sweet Mr. *Loveall*, O Mr. *Loveall.* 'Tis ver-  
terly against my complexion,

To lye here any longer. *Ant.* Death ! our fooles,  
Our dish of *buffles* : as I hope to prosper

My thoughts had lost them quite. *Lov.* I thought not of them.

*Nod.* Good Mr. *Loveall* are the officers gone ?

*Ham.* *Anteros*, *Anteros*, is the coast cleare yet ?

*Ant.* But how shall wee dispose of them ? *Lov.* Wee'd best  
Barrell them vp and send them for new England.

*Ant.* A pex there's fooles (now already there.  
Let's pickle them for winter Salads. *Lov.* No ;

They

*The Riuall Friends.*

They are not capable of *Salt*, man ; rather  
Let's get some broaken *trumpet*, or old *drumme*,  
And shew them to the people from some strange  
*Beasts* out of *Affrick*.

*Mer.* Father, my gowne is not silke yet.

*Stip.* A bots on you.

*Ant.* Harke, there's another egge sprung, my sheepeheard  
and his faire daughter.

*Wife.* *Loveall*, Mr. *Loveall*, I am of a sanguine complexion.

*Ham.* *Anteros*.

*Ant.* Now all the world ! what shall wee do with them ?  
But stay, a word,—performe it, I'll take order [ *Hee whispers*  
T' vncate v'm' to your hands. ——— *With Loveall* ]  
Now quickly *Noddle*, all is quiet now, ——— *Exit Loveall.*  
Come Mr. *William* — Not a mouse is stirring—  
Safe, safe, all's safe. Ha, he, he.

[ *They all 4. come out at the 4 corners of the stage.* ]

*Nod.* Pue ipo, I'd my cloathes quite, would I had a brush ;  
How now ? wee're gull'd.

*Wif.* I, as I am a *living saule*. — *marke the end on't.*

*Ham.* Who haue wee here ? does his ghost walke ?

*Nod.* Wee are all geer'd I perceiue it plaine now.

*Wif.* Who's that ? Mr. *Mungrell* ? is the Scholler aline a-  
gaine ? I should haue beene very *melancholy* to haue beene  
hang'd as I am a *living saule*.

*Nod.* If I could get my rapier. and a brush, [ *Redis in sce-*  
I'd steale away. *nam Loveall & Placenta with a cudgell.* ]

*Pla.* Would you haue a brush ? I'll brush yee yee villaines,  
Nay, Mr. *Loveall* told me what *dusty companions* yee were,  
And that yee wanted *brushing*, and how yee had  
Abus'd my husband, and my daughter, ty'd them  
To a tree, come one your wayes, want yee brushing ?  
Ye rascalls, I'll brush you, would ye be brush'd ? [ *She beats the forth*  
Come on, lets see what *cover'd dish* w' name here now ? [ *She unties*  
Hy day ! you lubberly knaue ; what *Madame Gillian* too ? ( *them*

*Stip.* What ? is shee come now to trouble vs !  
My daughter, I doe charge you on my blessing  
Looke scruilly vpon her. *Mer.* Yes forsooth Father.

*Stip.* Call her not *Mother* darling, but disclaime her,

*The Riuall Friends.*

Shee is no wife of mine, shee does conspire  
Against our *gentilisy* daughter, and shee lyes;  
Call her *the plaine old woman*, sweet-lips, doe;  
Ile beare you out in't, doe as your father bids you.

*Pla.* How now?

*Mer.* But forsooth father, my neckercher is not turn'd into  
Gold yet. *Pla.* They are both mad of a certaine.

*Stip.* I am a *gentleman*, and I will be a *gentleman*, I will *enclose*,  
and I will *rayse rents*—I will be a *lower-house man*, and I will be—

*Plac.* An old cox-combe, and you shall be beaten. [*She beats*

*Stip.* But does this stand good in law? *him.*]

*Plac.* Feare not that; I'll find an *old statute* for it, doubt it not.  
You are a *gentleman*? and you will be a *gentleman*? I'll make you  
*gentle* enough e're I haue done with you.

*Stip.* O, O, O.

*Plac.* And you my *sweet lips* that wil not call me mother, but  
looke scurvily,  
Come on your wayes I haue the *common law* on my side too for  
this. [*She beats Merda.*]

*Mer.* Oh mother, I'll neuer bee a *gentlewoman* more while I  
live, nor neuer talke of *gold neckerchers*, no that I won't truely.

[*Shee beats Stipes againe.*]

*Plac.* Yes, you shall bee a *Lower-house man*, you shall; I'll  
take you downe a *Pinne*, you'r too high now.

*Stip.* O, O, good wife—O, O, hony wife.

*Pla.* You'l in? [*Exit. Plac. & Merda.*]

*Stip.* Buz, peace and catch a mouse cry I.

[*Enter Hammer Shin*]

*Ans.* What is my *Scholler* return'd? pre'thee goe in *Jack*  
*Loveall*, I'll change but two words with him [*Exit Love.*  
And follow. Well sayd, nay looke not sowerly on the matter.

*Ham.* You haue abus'd mee Sir, and goe to the *fence Schoole*  
with mee if you dare, or else *wraastle* a fall with me.

*Ans.* He giue thee satisfacti<sup>n</sup> my *rowser*  
My *Hir-ber* better, nay put off these frownes;  
What say'st thou to my sister, and the *Living*?  
I know you haue heard the newes from out the *Cabbin*,  
And you was once a *Suitour* to her; speake,  
Will that content thee? some you are not the first  
Has got a *Parsonage* with *fooling* Sir,



*The Riuall Friends.*

I will procure it for thee, feare it not:  
Nay spare your *Hatt*, it will be tedious,  
My thanks shall be in *Oates*.

*Stip.* But Master *Ieoffry*.

*Ant.* Follow Iack *Loveall* in.

[*E xit Ham.*]

*Stip.* You know *I* was your Master to day.

*Ant.* Well put the case.

*Stip.* Poore, and ill 'parell'd.

*Ant.* Put the case againe.

*Stip.* But now you see how strangely altered.

*Ant.* Put the case the third time.

*Stip.* Are you avis'd of that? I'le n'ere trust *Winking beaſt* againe for your ſake, I'le tell you but ſo. Did you not tell mee that *Obrum* would make me a gentleman? *Obrum*? *Obrum*? if *Obrum* has no better tricks then theſe, let *Obrum* keepe his tricks to coole his porredge, 'sduds I loo'k'd euery minute when *Obrum* would haue put a greene ſcarlet ſuite vpon my backe like your's, all to bee dawb'd with ſpingle ſpangles; and in the meane time comes my wife with a blacke and blew home ſpun of her onne making. Well that ſame *Obrum* is a ſembling cony catching knaue, and I know what I could call you too, but for your *Whiniard*, and your *ſtaring goggles*.

*Ant.* *Stripes*, no more, aduaunce thy duller eye,  
Know'ſt thou what all thoſe blazing ſtars portend?

*Sti.* I, I, by'r Lady? how now? 'sduds I thinke fourty *Obrums* haue beene here, (Master *Ieoffry* is that *Obrum* that makes gentlefolkes, a *Taylor*?) one *Obrum* could neuer haue paynted them thus.



## Epilogue.

**P**ease prophane rudenesse; what alteration's this?  
What meane these bended Knees? but are these women?  
*Am I a Conuert then? so suddainely?*  
Surely some Power greater then all that Sex  
Is interpos'd, vayl'd in a femall outside,  
Else how come I so supple ioynted, that  
Before was stiffer then the Rhodian statue?  
There is an Homage due, and I must pay't  
Spite of my proudest nerues. Most Sacred Goddesse,  
Behold a Penitent, that falls thus lowe  
Before your secte: as you haue showne your selfe  
More then a Mortall, in conuerting me,  
Confirm it by your Pardon; 'tis a Vertue  
No lesse deseruing, and as neere to miracle.  
And You great Monarch, that the world may know  
How nigh a Kin to heauen and all the Gods  
You are in bloud and power, confute that bold  
Erronious tenent, prooue the Age of Wonders  
Still to endure. What I have promised  
Vnto this Shepheard (as a miracle)  
To be perform'd by Obron and this tree,  
Doe you effect; make vs all gentlemen.  
Which one Kinde ray sent from Your gracious eyes  
Will doe, and in that confidence wee rise.

FINIS.







